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O

# MARY TUDOR;

AN

## HISTORICAL DRAMA,

*In Five Acts,*

BY

PRIMOGENE DUVARD,

AUTHORESS OF A VOLUME OF "POEMS."

---

*Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.*

NORTHALLERTON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS BY JAMES POPE,

1844.

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# PREFACE.

THE portion of history selected for the following drama, is so little known to the generality of readers; and the former part of the reign of Henry VIII. so totally eclipsed by the striking events which attended its conclusion; that a few prefatory remarks may not be unacceptable. All historians affirm that no prince ever ascended the British throne, with brighter prospects, both to himself and his subjects, than this monarch: having been (during the life of his brother Arthur) educated for the church; his learning was superior to most of his contemporaries; his athletic frame, and enterprising spirit, caused him to excel in the martial exercises of the age; and his attachment and fidelity to the amiable Catherine, were no less conspicuous. Even Cardinal Pole, (his bitterest enemy) thus addresses him—"It must be allowed, that your Grace before the age of 40, was a far different person from what you now appear." And other writers concur, in dating the commencement of his crimes, from the period of his outrage to Queen Catherine: a lamentable instance of the *rapid* progress in a course of guilt, once entered upon; and of the ease with which a mind, tainted

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by the commission of one crime, passes on to the completion of others. The remaining characters of the drama, are, (it is presumed) sufficiently explained in the dialogue; aided by the accompanying notes.

As an apology for the violation of *dramatic unities*, must be offered—the imperfections incident to a first attempt; and the difficulty of compressing historical events, within the narrow limits prescribed: on which subject, Dr. Johnson, thus expresses his opinion—"The result of my in-"quiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast "of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and "place, are not essential to a just drama; that, "though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, "they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler "beauties of variety and instruction; and that a "play, written with nice observation of critical "rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate "curiosity, as the product of superfluous and "ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what "is possible, than what is necessary: since the "greatest graces of a play, are to copy nature, "and instruct life."

The Authoress has now to tender her respectful acknowledgments to her friends and the public, for their patronage of her former work; and to request a continuance of their favors, should this historical sketch meet their approbation.

*Northallerton, May 7th,* 1844.

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# PROLOGUE.

Friends of the drama! patrons of the stage!
From the rich stores of history's vary'd page,
A banquet is presented you this night,
In humble hope you'll relish with delight,
And by applause the Muse's toil requite.
To warm the breast with virtue's noble fire;
With lofty sentiments the soul inspire,
Instruct the head; and dignify the heart:
Such is the purpose of dramatic art,
When undisguised by errors devious maze,
Genius and fancy, shed their cloudless rays.
And if with these in unison combined,
Historic truths are offered to the mind;
The drama justly may deserve applause,
From all who honor wisdom's precious laws;
Who in the hours of recreative joy,
As in the time when graver cares employ—
Desire instruction; food for after thought;
And lessons with a useful moral fraught.
Who from the chronicles of former days,
Derive examples worthy of their praise;
Or by the fate of others, timely learn,
From paths of folly and of vice to turn.
And if the picture here pourtrayed, shall tend,
(However slightly) to promote this end;
If it but kindle in the list'ner's mind,
*One* generous feeling; or *one* thought refined,
The grateful muse her *full* reward shall meet,
Her *hopes* accomplished, and her *wish complete.*

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VIII.—*King of England*—aged 23.

LOUIS XII.—*King of France*—aged 60.

MAXIMILIEN—*Emperor of Germany*—aged 50.

The DUC D'ANGOULEME—*afterwards* Francis I. —aged 22.

CHARLES BRANDON—*Viscount de Lisle and Duke of Suffolk.*

THOMAS WOLSEY*—*Almoner to King Henry, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and Tournay, and Archbishop of York*—aged 40.

The DUC DE LONGUEVILLE—*A French General.*

WILL SOMERS—*Jester to King Henry.*

CATHERINE—*Queen of England*—aged 29.

PRINCESS MARY—*Sister to King Henry*—aged 19.

ANNE BOLEYN—*Attending the Princess Mary*—aged 8.

*Courtiers, Ladies, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.*

---

* Having accompanied the King as Almoner, in the French campaign of 1513, he was, on his return to England, appointed to the Bishopricks of Lincoln and Tournay; and in the autumn of 1514 he was advanced to the Archbishoprick of York; his predecessor, Cardinal Bambridge, having been poisoned by his servant at Rome.

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# MARY TUDOR,

AN

## *HISTORICAL DRAMA.*

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open country; in the distance the camp of the English; and the town of Terrouenne.*

*Enter on one side* King Henry, *splendidly drest; attended by* Brandon, Wolsey, *and a guard of honor: On the other the* Emperor Maximilien, *in a plain black dress, followed by a few soldiers.*

HENRY. Most noble Emperor! brave ally, and well-beloved brother; we greet you heartily, and bid you welcome to our camp.

MAX. * Renowned and valiant monarch! we come, a simple soldier, to place ourselves beneath thy banner, and to aid thy cause.

HENRY. Nay, nay, it were a *scandal* on our name, did we suffer the great Maximilien to be thus degraded: we would rather share equally with him the direction of our forces; and the glory of the enterprise.

MAX. We are not prepared for such an honor; nor do we desire aught so much, as to become a

* It is a fact that the Emperor, bringing with him 30 soldiers, entered Henry's service, and received pay as a common soldier.



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soldier of the gallant Henry; that prince, whose fame is heard in all the courts of Europe, and of whom the learn'd Erasmus* speaks in terms of *highest* commendation.

HENRY. To be approved by so profound a scholar, and so good a man, gives pride and satisfaction.

MAX. Nor less extended is the praise awarded to the lovely Catherine; who is everywhere regarded as a pattern of all female virtue.

HENRY. And *justly, too:* she is, indeed, an honor to her sex, a blessing to her country and her consort: as is fully testified by the loving inquiries of our welfare, which she makes continually; not only of ourselves, but also of Mr. Almoner Wolsey, as he himself can witness.† But, to return, we can in no wise accept the proffered assistance of our royal brother, save as equal with ourselves.

MAX. Then must we return to our dominions. Our late bereavement (occasioned by the death of a beloved Empress) and the small preparation we have made, unfitting us for so conspicuous a station.

HENRY. Well! then, since thou art so resolute, rather than forego thine aid, we will engage thee for an hundred crowns per day. But, before entering on thy duties, we would request thy presence in the camp, to partake such entertainment as our situation offers: since the fast descending rain renders further conference in the open air far from desirable.‡

MAX. With thanks for your Highness' courtesy;

---

* Erasmus was a great admirer of Henry, in early life, and always carried with him a Latin letter, written to him by Henry at the age of 9.

† In the former years of their union, it was a source of great delight to the King, to speak in praise of his excellent consort.

‡ At the conference of these sovereigns, the rain descended in torrents; and completely soaked the gorgeous dresses of Henry and his suite.

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we should prefer returning to our quarters at Aire; and defer participating in the proffered hospitality.

HENRY. Then we will retire to our entrenchments; which, in truth, afford but a sorry spectacle from the long continued wet; for although we ourselves enjoy the advantage of a wooden-dwelling with an iron chimney, our soldiers, who have nothing but their tents to shelter them, are exposed to *such* hardship and inconvenience as afflict us much.*

MAX. In pursuit of an enterprise like this, commanded by so glorious a leader; they are doubtless insensible to danger or fatigue.

HENRY. Yet they *are* men, and as such demand our sympathy. Brother, farewell.

[*Exit King Henry and his suite.*

MAX. [*To his attendants.*] Retire! anon we will rejoin you. [*Exit attendants.*] Thus far have I succeeded, in working on the vanity of this inexperienced youth, so as to obtain a share in the enterprise, whilst the expence devolves on him. Still I need some aid—men, crafty and subtle—who will pour into Henry's ear, such proposals as, might seem suspicious, did they come direct from us—this must be sought among his followers; 'tis said the Lord de Lisle possesses influence in his counsels; but there is something in the manly bearing, and expressive look of this young Lord, which bids defiance to my efforts: then, there is this Wolsey, the king's almoner; *he* is reputed of low birth, which argues oft superior cunning; and *that* is faithful to self-interest only: yet, here I

* The state tents of Henry, were one hundred and fifty feet long, of blue, ornamented with white; but in consequence of the wet, the dwelling here mentioned was erected for the king: while the men suffered severely from the weather.

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must be cautious! since there are minds that cannot be repressed within the limits of obscurity; but, by their own resplendence, dissipate the clouds that veil them, and shine forth to shame the nobly born, made great by *station* only—And *such* this man may be—but should he not, my poverty,* (that curse of my existence!) will deny the power to bribe him: yet, stay!—there are other means than gold, of winning an ambitious spirit, and promises (so they be well covered with the varnish of probability) are far more cheap, and easy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The interior of a tent.*

King Henry, *attended by* Lord de Lisle, Wolsey; *and* Will Somers.

HENRY. What think ye, my friends, can we by any means bring this siege to a conclusion? for, by the mass! we are weary of delay: six weeks already gone, and yet such trifling progress.

BRANDON. This state of inactivity accords but little with the temper of a soldier.—

HENRY. Especially of one so enterprising as my Lord de Lisle.

SOMERS. *I* certainly was born to be a patriot; for what but patriotism could lead me to prefer remaining at home in ease and security, to the chance of being knocked at head in a foreign country. I would we were once more in merry England!

HENRY. 'Tis pity but thou hadst remained there; since the perils we encounter dishearten thee so easily.

SOMERS. Nay, I have small desire to say masses, and count beads with Queen Catherine,

* The Emperor's poverty was so great, as to obtain for him the appellation of "FEW PENCE."

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and hope I lack neither fidelity to follow my master; nor courage to serve him, if need require.

HENRY. Well, we will not doubt thee. But what thinkest *thou*, Master Wolsey, will the besieged surrender?

WOLSEY. My humble opinion, (since your Grace has deigned to ask it) is, that could the blockade be continued a little longer, famine would compel them to submission; but I have learned that the Duc D'Angouleme (heir to the French throne) is even now approaching, with a considerable force to their relief.

HENRY. Ha! this is news which rouses all our energy; and gives promise of something beyond trifling skirmishes and idle loitering. Cans't tell what plan the Duke proposes?

WOLSEY. I am informed (by spies recently returned) that he intends resting on the hills of Guinegate; and watching his opportunity, to despatch from thence a body of Albanians, each having a side of bacon,* and a supply of gunpowder attached to the neck of his horse: these they will throw into the trench; whence the besieged (under cover of their guns and cross bows) can withdraw them; whilst the relieving party, engages the attention of your Grace's forces.

HENRY. Then will we double our guard, and use all diligence to thwart them in this design.

BRANDON. Shall I to the camp, my Liege, and lead our men?

HENRY. Do so, my lord, and we will follow.

*Exit* Brandon. *Enter an* Officer.

OFFICER. So please your Grace, a herald from

* Fleurange says, that bacon is an excellent thing in a besieged town; and it was therefore sent by King Louis, who was the more anxious to relieve them, from having been once compelled to feed on rats and mice himself, under similar circumstances.

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the King of Scotland has arrived, and seeks an audience.

HENRY. Let him be conducted hither.

*Exit the* Officer. *Enter the* Herald.

HENRY. Thine errand? speak it quickly, for we have little time to tarry.

HERALD. Few words will serve me—I come in the name of James the Fourth—King of Scotland, to bear his defiance to—Henry the Eighth—King of England—and charge you—immediately to withdraw yourself, and all your troops, from the French territory; else he will—with an army of fifty thousand men—e'en now assembled at his call, ravage without mercy—the whole of your dominions.

HENRY. *Return to thy master—and tell him in the name of heaven—we defy him! that we shall on *no account* desist from our present undertaking, in obedience to his threats—and though our surprise be not small, that our royal brother should thus violate his oaths of peace and friendship, yet (if so determined) let him pursue his course; and the Righteous Judge of all things! will avenge our cause!

HERALD. I am also charged to deliver to your Highness this letter, wherein the purpose of King James is fully detailed; and to urge a written answer to the same.

HENRY. It shall be given thee, before the sun

---

* The calmness as well as decision of Henry's answer to James, is noticed by several historians. James was the brother-in-law of Henry, having married his eldest sister Margaret; but was induced (by the King of France) to a most unwarrantable breach of a truce, then existing between himself and Henry; whose letter, sent by the Herald, on the above occasion, is preserved in the British Museum; but before the bearer of it reached Scotland, his king had fallen in the battle of Flodden Field.

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go down. [*Exit* Herald.] Now, Master Wolsey, what sayest thou?

WOLSEY. There can be little doubt, Sire, but that the King of France has *counselled* the King of Scotland to this measure, in order to divert your dreaded forces from his own domain.

HENRY. Then he shall find his policy of no avail—we trust there are stout hearts and strong arms enow, left in merry England, to repel this northern marauder: and our good Queen! lacks neither spirit; nor judgment, to direct their movements. But we must hence—to seek my Lord de Lisle, whose diligence and valor exceed our expectation.

SOMERS. 'Tis a riddle easy of solution: for the last time Cupid moulted, his lordship gathered up the feathers which fell from his wings, to plume his own arrows. There is—a certain lady—whose favor he would win—by his gallant achievements.

HENRY. Say'st thou so? is she of lofty station, good and fair; and *meet* to be the bride of Brandon?

SOMERS. *(Counting on his fingers.)* She is good—great—and *(spreading his hands) marvellously* fair.

HENRY. Then—by St. George! should we return in safety—he shall not want our assistance---to obtain her. [*Exit* King Henry.

SOMERS. Vows rashly made---are oft as quickly broken---were I to speak her name, he would soon recall his words. But *I* will forth! to *watch* the coming conflict. [*Exit* Somers.

WOLSEY. Yet greater eagerness to seek *my* counsel—courage—Wolsey! and thou wilt still attain the pinnacle, to which ambition points. Yes! ambition *is* my guide—and my heart swells —as though its limits were too narrow, for the lofty aspirations which inhabit it—Childhood is

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pleased with toys—youth dreams of love—old age, with avaricious hand, grasps riches—manhood in its full prime, and noontide vigour, feels ambition's sway.—But who comes here?

*Enter the* Emperor Maximilien.

MAX. Mr. Wolsey—the king's Almoner? if I mistake not.

WOLSEY. The same—and the most devoted servant—of your Imperial Highness.

MAX. Is thy Sovereign here?

WOLSEY. No—he disposes the troops for the expected fray.

MAX, We had somewhat to say to him; but perhaps it may be well to speak with thee; seeing thou art deeply concerned in the counsels of his Grace.

WOLSEY. The King, does honour me, with a portion of his confidence.

MAX. His Highness (we learn) is a generous master?

WOLSEY. He is possest of a most princely spirit—which leaves us little to desire.

MAX. Thou woulds't (no doubt) esteem it a sin to forward the interests of any other sovereign? lest it might prove injurious to *him?*

WOLSEY. I could not refuse compliance, with the wishes of such; as are his friends and firm allies.

MAX. This is prudent—for thine own sake—since, although King Henry is possest of wealth and power—there are many princes—whose dominions bordering on the See of Rome, can with ease command a Cardinal's Hat; or (when vacant) the Papal Chair itself.

WOLSEY. Heaven forbid! that one, *so humble*, as myself, should e'er aspire to dignity thus great! but if it be within my power to serve your Highness. I will do it freely.

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MAX. Should Terrouenne* be taken, what is the purpose of the king concerning it?

WOL. To establish a garrison sufficient to retain it; and then pursue his march.

MAX. We would that he could be induced to raze it to the ground: it has already been a source of much annoyance to our empire, and may be so again, should it return into the hands of the French.

WOL. I will use what influence I possess with the king; to this effect.

MAX. And when this blockade is ended, whither will King Henry direct his steps?

WOL. His Highness spoke of Tournay; but whether he be fully bent, I know not.

MAX. 'Tis well! the garrison of Tournay is also a source of much disquietude to us; and if thou can'st fix his resolution to this point, we shall hold ourselves indebted to thee.

WOL. If it be possible, I will lead his Highness thither.

MAX. Thanks for thy promised aid; and should an opportunity occur, thou wilt find us, not unmindful of thy services. Farewell.

[*Exit* Maximilien.

WOL. Yes—I *will* serve him in the downfall of Terrouenne—that he may have no reasonable pretext for breaking his promise toward me: but, should King Henry take Tournay, I must find means to rid him of the Emperor's company: for if this place should fall, the bishoprick it gives, will perish also, and with it—the hopes of Wolsey.

* Terrouenne, and Tournay, were towns in Picardy, which bordered nearly on the Emperor's dominions. The former surrendered on the 24th of August, 1513, the latter on the 2nd of October, in the same year. The sudden retirement of the Emperor (alluded to hereafter) was never openly accounted for; although evidently contrived by Wolsey.



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*Re-enter* Somers.

WOL. I thought thou hadst gone to *see* the battle.

SOM. So I did; and posted myself (like a prudent general) at a safe distance: but it seemed rather a contest of fast running, than of hard fighting; they were out of sight in a twinkling; and thinking, if I ventured beyond the limits of our camp, I might be caught by some Frenchman, and caged like a talking bird, for the sake of my fine plumage and eloquent discourse; I returned hither, to amuse your leisure, with a story I have lately heard.

WOL. I have not leisure to bestow upon thee.

SOM. The time occupied by the recital will be short; and as for attention, it will be at thy option, how much of *that*, thou wilt bestow.

WOL. Go on, then, and be brief.

SOM. It is the adventure of a certain butcher's cur:* which, being possest of much talent, attracted the notice of a man of quality, who added him to his household, where he was appointed to an important office; and gained so much the favor of his master, as to be courted by all—even the most noble guests.

WOL. *(Aside.)* A butcher's cur!—let me once firmly grasp the reins of power; and those who have branded me with *this* epithet, shall find the cur can bite---But wherefore expend my resentment on this idiot? *(Aloud.)* Thy narration is too tedious—I can hear no more.

SOM. Having gone thus far, I *must* conclude: to hear the beginning of a story, and not await the end, is unjust both to the inventor and narrator. Now it happened that there *was* in the same house-

* The title bestowed on Wolsey by his enemies; he being the son of a butcher at Ipswich.

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hold a pert magpie, which much annoyed the favorite; yet could he find no means to silence it; until one day, the magpie happening to overhear a friend of his master bribe the cur with promises of great preferment; took occasion to hint at his knowledge; and received forthwith so considerable a largess as rendered him ever afterwards, as discreet as an owl—a raven—or any other serious bird.

WOL. Here, take this purse; and heaven grant it may produce the same effect on thee: but, remember!—should it again occur, thou shalt not escape the chastisement due to thine eaves-dropping.

SOM. Thanks to your liberality: I would I could see you in the Papal Chair to-morrow.

SCENE III.—*The exterior of the camp.*
*Enter* King Henry *and* Wolsey.

HENRY. Perhaps, then, it were better, should Terrouenne surrender, (which there is little doubt it will soon do,) to destroy it altogether; rather than establish a garrison, at a time when our soldiers are so much required elsewhere.

WOL. It would be a great blow to the French government; and exhibit in a striking manner the decision of your Highness's character.

*Enter* Somers.

SOM. I come to lay my cap and bells at the feet of your Highness, and to congratulate you on your recent victory.

HENRY. It was indeed a glorious one! though easily obtained: that with five hundred horsemen we should thus drive before us, the whole gendarmerie of France.

WOL. The followers of your Highness have already named it "the Battle of the Spurs:" these being the weapons most employed on the occasion.

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HENRY. An apt conceit, truly.

SOM. Not so—'twas the thorns of the English Rose, that pricked the sides of their horses, and made them fly so nimbly: the reputation of your Grace's valor, *inspired* this terror.

HENRY. Whate'er the cause, they retired upon the first alarm to the hills of Guinegate; where, (thinking themselves secure,) they paused to rest; but no sooner did our troops appear, than they again retreated, and have all escaped; save the Duc de Longueville, the Chevalier de Bayard,* and one or two more officers: too proud to join in the general flight.

SOM. And so, these gentlemen preferred being shut up in a dungeon (perhaps for life) to using their heels? then are they not of my mind.

*Enter* Brandon.

HENRY. Welcome! brave comrade; what news from the besieged?

BRAN. The governor has received instructions to capitulate; provided the terms proposed by your Highness, be not too severe.

HENRY. We shall not be over strict---cruelty adds no lustre to a conqueror's glory—and we desire not to steep our laurels in needless blood.

SOM. Neither do *I;* I would rather steep them in good wine; and am glad there is a chance of entering Terrouenne, that we may once more have houses over our heads, instead of abiding night and day, under a piece of wet canvass stretched upon a frame.

HENRY. Rejoice not so readily; we purpose levelling Terrouenne to the ground; and causing the army to march *immediately* against Tournay:

* The Chevalier de Bayard, called "the cavalier without fear and without reproach," was afterwards released, upon a promise of not rejoining the French forces for a certain time.

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where we shall ourselves rejoin it, after having visited the Duchess of Savoy, with whom we have to negotiate.

Som. Well—I can see no reason why we should not spend a little time in feasting, and merry-making; as we have done before; and not mind giving our enemies leisure to oppose us; and thus miss the opportunity of following up our success.*

Henry. We will now to our tent; since we feel as much fatigue from our late chase, as though we had fought a hard battle. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*A Street in Tournay:*

*The standard of England floating on its towers. The gates open to the sound of music, and give admission to* King Henry, *attended by* Wolsey, Brandon, Somers, *and soldiers, preceded by minstrels singing.*

SONG.

1st.

Long live Henry! brave and free;
Say, what monarch bold as he?
Eastward, westward, south, and north,
Hark! his fame is blazoned forth.
Northward, Flodden's fatal field,
Tells of Scotland forced to yield;
Southward, see beleaguered France,
Quail before his sharpened lance.

2nd.

Terrouenne, in dust laid low,
Speaks the victor's well-aimed blow;
On the towers of proud Tournay,
Now his standard meets the day!
Whilst within her walls we sing,
Health and life to England's King;
Henry good, and Henry brave,
Heav'n preserve, and bless, and save.

* In allusion to the previous conduct of the King; who, for the gratification of his vanity, sailed past Boulogne, to exhibit his fleet, and landed at Calais, where he passed some time in useless pageantry; thus affording the French, ample opportunity to resist him.

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HENRY. *(Advancing.)* Now, my brave advisers! let us hold a counsel—as to whether Tournay shall share the fate of its predecessor?

BRAN. It appears useless to retain it, having destroyed Terrouenne, which formed the key to it: an isolated garrison, surrounded by the enemy's country, would be of small advantage.

WOL. With deference to the opinion of my Lord de Lisle; I would merely recall to your Highness the words of Ceasar, who esteemed Tournay, the most glorious, of all his conquests! from its long and obstinate resistance; and hence it was strictly reserved by him; as a token of his triumph.

SOM. 'Tis an excellent thing to extend ones circle of acquaintance; now, as I never had the honor of knowing Ceasar, I could not have reminded the King of this, had it suited my purpose.

HENRY. Cease thy prating.—We concur with Master Wolsey in thinking it right to preserve so important a stronghold.—Now we would learn all that has occurred during our absence; which had like to have been somewhat protracted; for, in returning from Lisle, we missed our road during a thick fog, which, but for the timely arrival of a retainer from our camp, we had not easily regained.

WOL. Such perils but increase the joy felt by your Highness's servants at your safe return. First, then—Sire—it is my duty to inform you of the abrupt departure of the Emperor—who, from some cause (at present unexplained) has withdrawn to his own dominions.

HENRY. And can no one assign a reason for his retirement?

SOM. *(Aside.)* At least it may not be convenient to give one.

WOL. I will next lay before your Highness the letter of Queen Catherine, containing an account

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of the Battle of Flodden Field; and all its fearful consequences.

HENRY. *(Raising his cap.)* How awful are the dictates of Omnipotence!—did we not hope, and trust, our cause would be avenged?

WOL. The confidence placed by your Highness in Divine assistance; and the treachery of your enemy; have each met their just reward.

HENRY. Did our consort seem dismayed as the crisis approached?

WOL. Her Grace spoke in good heart of the undertaking.*

HENRY. Truly we could not have left the Regency in abler hands.

BRAN. It is a proof that women (had they the opportunity) would excel us as much in firmness, as they frequently do in skilfulness.

HENRY. Oh! thou art in love—and no doubt imagine'st them all perfection—know, then, for thy consolation, thou wilt soon meet *thy* lady-love; for (the season being far advanced), we shall defer the conclusion of our enterprise until the ensuing spring; and having passed a week in receiving a visit from the Duchess of Savoy; and making suitable rejoicing, we shall return home; and bestow honors on all those who have served us—To Master Wolsey--- we will give the vacant Bishoprick of Lincoln—to my Lord de Lisle---the Dukedom of Suffolk—and to the Earl of Surrey, the brave commander of our northern forces;---the Dukedom of Norfolk.

SOM. And to me—your Highness?

HENRY. Thou shalt have (an' thou like) a new suit of raiment, and an extra largess to celebrate our return.

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* As is fully proved by the letter of Queen Catherine on this subject; to be found in the British Museum.

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SOM. And I will, myself, place a wreath of laurel round my cap, to commemorate our late achievements.—A lucky escape we have had---with the French on one side—and the Scots on the other --- we might have been annihilated altogether: 'tis well we are safe out of it.

HENRY. Follow me! and thou shalt wet thy satisfaction with a flagon of the best wine Tournay can furnish.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Richmond Palace. Queen Catherine advancing.*

QUEEN. The time approaches when I shall behold my Henry crowned with the laurels of success: how will the consciousness of having performed my duty, enhance the pleasure of our meeting!---Denied the opportunity of being near him—to soothe his spirit in the hour of danger—and cheer it when depressed by weariness;---I could only *pray* for his safety, and conduct the affairs of state as I felt assured he would himself have done; if present.---But, hark!—the sounds of martial music, and cheers of his delighted subjects, warn me he is near.

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter* King Henry.

QUEEN. My King! my lord! my husband!

HENRY. Pattern of excellence!---partner of my throne!---rendered *more* dear, by each new trial of thy worth.

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QUEEN. Gladly do I welcome thee—joyfully, to thee, resign the task of government—so far beyond *my* power.

HENRY. Beyond *thy* power! thou hast conducted it so ably, I have thoughts of resigning thee my crown; and sitting by, a calm spectator of thy better management.

QUEEN. Nay, my lord! such a subversion of the laws of nature (save where custom orders it, or weakness of the ruling party gives occasion), is but a mockery—beside—your Grace's spirit though a noble, is yet a turbulent one—and demands a proper field, wherein to exercise its powers—But no more of this—Where are your brave companions? I would fain see them.

HENRY. And I would fain present to them a princess, who to the majesty befitting her high station, unites those brightest ornaments a wife can boast, discretion and integrity.—What, ho! who waits without?—[*Enter an attendant.*]—Convey our greeting to my Lord of Lincoln, and my Lord de Lisle, and bid them at their earliest convenience, attend us here. [*Exit attendant.*] They deserve thine approbation for the service they have lately done me: my Lord de Lisle is a most valiant youth; and so much of my late glory is derived from his assistance, that I purpose to bestow on him a dukedom.

QUEEN. He is well deserving such an honor.

HENRY. Nor am I less indebted to my Lord of Lincoln: whose judicious counsels have much aided me.

QUEEN. Doubtless your Grace derives advantage from his great abilities;—but, suffer me, (before it be too late), to caution you against his rising influence—methinks I see approaching danger,—while so many of your former friends



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desert the court, disgusted at his* innovations; —let me then counsel you, to use him carefully; as men employ a sharp-edged instrument;— which, indiscreetly handled, wounds those whom it *should* benefit.

HENRY. Ha! thou art jealous, doubtless; that another should enjoy more of my confidence than thou: yet, trust me sweetheart, it shall never injure thee.—But where is our sister, comes she not to greet us?

QUEEN. She prays your Highness to excuse her the excitement of a public interview.

HENRY. We will repair to her apartment— What said she when the tidings of our recent victory arrived?

QUEEN. She expressed herself rejoiced at the safety of your Highness; and enquired with great concern respecting all your followers; while her pale cheek, belied the satisfaction which her tongue pronounced.

HENRY. She is a silly girl; speak but of war, and straightway with a quiv'ring lip she tells you of its horrors: I would that she possess'd more of the dauntless spirit, and quick discernment, of my Catherine.

QUEEN. Yet,—should heaven bless me with a daughter!—I would pray she might be gifted with this gentle temper; which seems best suited to our sex;—since acute discernment, but enables us to see those evils, we have neither strength to resist, or power to remedy,—*mark the result*—my Henry!—thy sister's life, will be *more blest* than mine.

HENRY. Methinks I hear our guests approaching.

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* Many of the ministers retired from court, offended at the authority usurped by Wolsey; and Henry was thus left entirely to the guidance of his ambitious favourite.

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QUEEN. Yet one request—before they come: —'tis that you will remember with compassion, your widowed sister, the Queen of Scotland, and your orphan nephew: think not I doubt your goodness; but 'tis the weakness of a woman's heart, which, conscious of its own helplessness, pleads for the unfortunate.

HENRY. The kindliness which prompts to this appeal, would command attention, were the object an indifferent one—much more—when nature, pleading at the bar of mercy, demands protection for a hapless sister.

*Enter* Wolsey, Brandon, *and* Will Somers.

HENRY. My Lords, thus we present to our respected consort, such valued friends, assuring her they are most worthy her esteem.—Ha! Somers, what brought thee here? we sent no messenger demanding thine attendance.

SOM. When a man is not invited of others, 'tis the more reason why he should invite himself: beside, hearing your Grace had summoned all those who had distinguished themselves in the late campaign, I, (as a matter of course), included myself in their number.

HENRY. Go to!—thou hast an armour of impudence—sufficient for a dozen campaigns; but prithee follow the example which the French have lately set thee, and make an expert use of thy heels on the present occasion.

QUEEN. Nay, let him remain. My Lord de Lisle, accept my congratulations on your recent valour, as well as on the attainment of the dukedom, you have so well merited, the patent for which, will shortly be prepared.

BRAN. Madam, ---- the approving smiles of beauty—are ever the best reward of chivalry;

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many an arm that now deals death and terror around, would hang powerless uninspired by them. How much more animating then! when a *Queen* vouchsafes applause, especially a princess, adorned with those perfections, which so eminently distinguish your Highness.

QUEEN. You, too, my Lord of Lincoln—are entitled to my thanks---having, (as I am informed) by your wise counsels, greatly served my husband's cause.

WOL. Your Highness does but flatter, in attributing to my poor abilities, any share of that victory, which the skill and valor of my lord the king, has lately gained.

QUEEN. My lord, I *scorn* to flatter---'tis a vice beneath the dignity of our *nature*—not to speak of station—injurious alike to giver and receiver—'tis the shoal on which confidence is wrecked—the rock where mutual esteem is foundered—and takes away the two great motives to a virtuous life ---the hope of just applause—and fear of honest censure.—The flatterer, my lord, is like the snail, who makes him a shell to conceal his real form, and to withdraw to, when he fears assault: while silently he glides along, and glosses with his slime, whate'er he passes.

SOM. And now, having complimented these gentlemen; suffer me to prefer *my* claims to your Grace's approbation. I rang three peals upon the bells of my cap, to celebrate the king's victory; and rescued a flagon of wine, and two pasties, from the destruction of Terrouenne.

QUEEN. Achievements worthy of thyself; the last of which reminds me of a subject, forgotten in the excitement of the moment: you are fatigued, and need refreshment: let us to the banquet hall.

HENRY. Come, my lords, we will obey a summons so acceptable.

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SOM. That it is acceptable to *one* of the company *I* will answer for.

[*Exit the* King *and* Queen, *followed by* Brandon *and* Somers.

WOL. One moment!—to compose my ruffled spirit, and *I* follow too.—This proud princess of Spain, is the constant stumbling-block that chokes mine upward path:—she would provoke the *dumb* to speak;—but a courtier must be more silent, than a man by nature dumb, when most his heart requires him to speak plainly.—Yet, is there one consolation left him;—the prospect of revenge:—yes, there is a gloomy corner in his breast; where he may store the records of each insult, to be drawn forth, one by one, as opportunity occurs; to strike the balance. Catherine of Arragon,---if thy relatives bribe not—the day will come—when every flash of that proud eye, bestowed upon the low born Wolsey, shall be repaid with interest.* 'Till then, a truce to my resentment. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in Richmond Palace.*

King Henry, *and the* Princess Mary.

HENRY. Sweet sister, this is but a sorry welcome on so triumphant an occasion.

MARY. Believe me, 'tis from no want of that affection, which so good a brother as thou hast ever been, deserv'st from me: it is the *nature* of this triumph that constrains me---I would thine errand had been different.

HENRY. And prithee on what errand would'st thou have me go?

MARY. I would have you seek out one, for the

* A threat afterwards put in execution: Cardinal Wolsey being the chief instigator of Henry's divorce from Catherine.

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good of your own subjects :---explore some distant corner of your realms---where injured innocence demanded justice :---misfortune the hand of benevolence to wipe away its tears : --- unknown genius, the eye of discernment, and the voice of encouragement, to draw it from obscurity :---or rough barbarity, the contact of politer minds to smooth its rugged surface.---I would see the vast wealth our father treasured --- returning to the land from whose resources it was drawn---in well directed channels---diffusing benefits, as limpid streams meandering through the country, clothe it with fertility.

HENRY. A pretty picture, truly ! which might well deserve our notice, had we no jealous rivals to subdue---no foreign conquests to achieve---no thirst for glory.

MARY. And what jealousy can harm the monarch who is encompassed with faithful subjects, bound to him by links of gratitude ? what conquest *so* ennobling as *their* love, acquired through deeds of kindness ; or what glory equal to that, which awaits a wise and prudent ruler ?

HENRY. Tush ! thou hast no sparks of heroism in thy nature :---this is too bad---to be met with lectures upon peace, where most I sought applause for my success in war.

MARY. Pardon me, if I have spoken contrary to the wishes of your Highness ; but mine ears *ache* with the *name* of war, so oft repeated : I cannot talk to one of mine associates, but I must hear of cities burned, despoiled, destroyed : and when I think upon the homeless wretches, groaning captives, weeping widows, and defenceless orphans it occasions, I grieve, that men should follow an employment which tends to brutalize their nature, and unfit them for domestic duties ; and the ties of social life.

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HENRY. I am become a brute, then! that my return gives thee so little satisfaction?

MARY. Nay, my lord, you are too harsh; and construe me unkindly; I but spoke, of what might well be apprehended, from long acquaintance with such dreadful scenes:---the heart (chameleon like) *will* take its colour from surrounding objects---and either it *must* bleed each moment, a sympathetic sufferer with the woes it witnesses; or (what is far more likely) grow callous---and forget the generous impulse of compassion.

HENRY. Forgive the spirit of impatience which for a moment overcame me; and since the theme afflicts thee, I will no longer dwell upon my recent conquests; but hasten to a subject that will doubtless better please thee. Know, then, that during our late sojourn in the Low Countries; we agreed with the Duchess of Savoy, upon the speedy fulfilment of the marriage contract, made by our father: between yourself and the young Archduke Charles, of Spain, her nephew.* Does this meet your wishes?

MARY. I can have no wishes contrary to the intentions of my respected father, sanctioned by the approbation of so kind a brother.

HENRY. What! not pleased yet? then I will try if chiding thee will be of service, as I have occasion of complaint against thee.

MARY. Speak, my lord, and if it be within my compass, the fault shall be amended.

HENRY. We are informed, that asking of the welfare of our comrades in the recent expedition, thou hast neglected to make mention---of Charles Brandon---the new Duke of Suffolk. This was unkind! seeing he hath been thy constant friend

* The contract here alluded to, was made in 1507. The Archduke became afterwards the celebrated Charles V. Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain.

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and well-wisher, as we ourselves can testify, since he hath often mentioned thee in terms of highest commendation.

MARY. It was no want of due regard, which prompted this omission; believe me, I respect him, as much as any of thy followers; and included him (with others) when inquiring of their welfare.

HENRY. Well! I am content with thine apology, if Brandon be; and that he might judge of it himself, I have appointed him to meet me here: by my faith! he is already coming; he is *over* diligent, seeing that six of the clock was the intended time, and it hath, as yet, scarce chimed the hour of five.—[*Enter the* Duke of Suffolk.]—Suffolk---we have need of thine assistance---first to chide this damsel for her late neglect concerning thee---next---to convince her of the excellence of our noble profession---which she deems cruel and inhuman.

BRAN. My lord, to take offence, where no insult is intended, were alike capricious and unmanly: doubtless, this lady is in no wise called upon, to make inquiry after any of your Grace's followers, except it be her pleasure.

HENRY. Give him thy hand, sister, since he is content to pardon thee so easily.

BRAN. Suffer me to press to my lips, this fair token of your Highness' condescension.

MARY. I cannot hesitate to grant this trifling favour, to so faithful an adherent of my brother.

HENRY. How she trembles!---perchance *afraid* ---to give her hand to one whose nature has been *brutalized,* mid scenes of bloodshed.—Now to the second part of thy commission.

BRAN. It is entered upon with more reluctance, —since conscience tells me 'tis a theme from which the sensibility of woman's nature must

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shrink with horror;—but the custom of the age sanctions it—the necessities of the state oftentimes require it—and the motives from which it is undertaken—and spirit in which it is pursued—no doubt do much, to soften and excuse it.

MARY. And why *should* custom authorise it—could not all agree in universal harmony?

BRAN. It may not be—there are minds which can be controlled by nothing but this dreadful scourge—there are occasions—where many must be sacrificed to serve the public good;—and men —(whate'er their motives)—must sail upon a tide of blood to reach the destined harbour—such was the strife of Bosworth---where the king your father laid a tyrant low---whom nothing else *could* quell.

MARY. And where *your* father lost his life in serving *mine**---can you advocate the cause which robbed you of a parent?

BRAN. It was a noble cause!—and as such—it is the duty of a soldier, to sacrifice his dearest feelings to its furtherance.

HENRY. Suffolk, we will leave thee to the completion of this work; another engagement now demands our presence: if thou can'st succeed, we will have a medal struck to commemorate the achievement, and give thee our authority to wear it. Sister---till we meet again---farewell.

[*Exit* King Henry.

BRAN. There is yet another motive which prompts me to plead for my profession---it has already raised---and promises still farther to advance me, to a rank, where I may (without presumption) seek the hand, even of a princess, born of royal parents.

MARY. Oh! speak not so; our love hath been

* Sir William Brandon, father of the Duke of Suffolk, was standard bearer to the Duke of Richmond, (afterwards Henry VII.) and fell on the field of Bosworth.



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a childish dream—a vain delusion!—which growing reason and increasing age, must put to flight. It was but now; my brother spoke of the completion of the marriage contract, between myself and the Archduke Charles.

BRAN. But wherefore should thy brother rule thy destiny?

MARY. He is my king---my father's representative---my counsellor—my friend---and never yet has forfeited my confidence.

BRAN. He is a good; a generous prince, did he but know thy wishes, he would perchance, comply.

MARY. No! he has decided on the course which he deems best; and would not change his plans, for any wish of mine. Do not, then, from selfish motives, flatter me with hopes; that but deceive, and undermine my little resolution.

BRAN. True love, lady! is the crucible in which selfishness is purified from all its dross;—there it assumes another form---a second self---to the promotion of whose happiness, all other feelings are subservient. If, then, the just desire of living in the station thou wert born to---if the glitter of a crown, and homage of admiring courtiers---have greater charms for thy young heart---no word of mine shall e'er reproach thee—I will be content to follow at a distance and worship thee, as the poor Persian offers adoration to the glorious sun.

MARY. Nay, now indeed thou wrong'st me; not all the glitter of a regal diadem, nor incense of admirers, could erase my love for thee---but prithee leave me now---thy words, have made my breast a whirlpool of such varied feeling, as demands the friendly aid, of solitude; and silent thought, to set at rest again.

BRAN. I go at thy command—lady adieu!---and may that peace of mind, which ever waits on innocence, be given to thee.

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## Scene III.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

King Henry *seated on a couch;* Somers *standing behind him.*

Henry. By St. George! the palace is as gloomy as a charnel house, every apartment seems more dismal than the last; the very faces in the tapestry, look mournfully upon me.

Som. They have not yet recovered their grief at the absence of your Highness; 'tis a November landscape, lacking the beams of the sun to enliven it; ere long it will assume a different aspect.

Henry. It shall, if we have power to make it; we will have banquets, balls, and music, and bid the walls ring with sounds of merriment. Our Queen is of somewhat too serious a temper; and has omitted the customary festivities.

*Enter the* Duke of Suffolk.

Henry. Well Suffolk, what success?

Bran. The soul of the Princess, your sister, is too pure to admit the slightest stain: she remains unchanged in her aversion to the art of war.

Henry. Ha! ha! ha! it is just as we expected; she is all compliance and submission; and withal as obdurate as a piece of marble, where her own opinion is concerned: 'tis ever the way with these meek spirited women. Thou, who hast vanquished armies, and taken cities; cannot storm the bulwarks which encompass *them.*

Som. I have somewhere met with a song on this subject; with your leave, I will endeavour to recall it.

Henry. Be quick, then; for we shortly expect my Lord of Lincoln, to discourse on matters of importance.

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[Somers, *sings.*]

1st.

Of the tempers we find, among all womankind,
Defend me from that which is gentle and tame;
For, firm as a rock, 'twill withstand ev'ry shock;
And, sooner or later, its object attain.
The fury may foam, and embitter your home,
Till the storm of her rage is weakened and past;
But when it is o'er, she torments you no more,
And gives up her favourite project at last.

2nd.

But nature so kind, has endowed the calm mind,
With obstinate firmness which nought can subdue:
'Twill yield for a while, yet when fortune shall smile,
Returns with fresh vigour its aim to pursue.
Then learn from my song, that your judgment is wrong,
If gentle demeanour your choice shall decide;
And vainly you'll seek, 'mongst the timid and meek;
In hopes of obtaining a tractable bride.

HENRY. Very consolatory doctrine—and if it be true—we shall all one day, agree upon a universal peace, to please my sister.

BRAN. 'Tis an insult to the sex!---what is it but their noble constancy of purpose, that supports them in the hour of danger; and when their affections are once fixed, bids them remain unchanged till life and reason fail.

HENRY. Well, thou must thyself be struck with the charms of one of these faithful fair ones, to advocate their cause so warmly. But thou art looking pale to night.

SOM. Perchance his lady love has proved unkind, and does not so highly estimate his valorous deeds; as he had hoped she might do.

BRAN. With your Grace's leave, I will retire.

HENRY. Do so, my lord, since yonder comes our counsellor, the Bishop of Tournay; for such he now is: the former Bishop having refused submission to our government, we have procured his dismissal from the Pope; and the appointment of our friend Wolsey, in his stead.

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SOM. Now I begin to perceive the utility of foreign conquests; since they enable the victor to pay his own followers, with his opponent's property.

BRAN. This intelligence, affords another proof of the liberality of your Highness; towards those who have the honor to serve you.

HENRY. I hope it is a proof, that I know how to estimate my real friends. But you may now withdraw—farewell, my lord. [*Exit* Brandon.

SOM. And am I to retire also?

HENRY. Thine absence will be far more desirable than thy presence.

SOM. 'Tis a strange thing, that whenever the king holds councils of importance, he always excludes me: but 'tis the fate of great talents not to be properly estimated, or placed in their right sphere. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Wolsey.

HENRY. Welcome! --- my lord --- prithee be seated---that you may with more convenience unfold your mission.

WOL. May it please your Grace, your prisoner, the Duc de Longueville, has received instructions from the King of France, to propose certain terms of peace; which (if agreed to) will be completed by ambassadors sent publicly.

HENRY. 'Tis a proposal by no means unacceptable; for we begin shrewdly to suspect, our late successes, were more the effect of chance than skill; the flower of the French army, being engaged in the Italian expedition. But what are the conditions of the treaty?

WOL. The first and most important is---that the French king---having (as your Highness knows) lately lost his Queen,* is desirous of forming an alliance with your royal sister, the Princess

* Anne of Bretagne; a lady possessed of many virtues.

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Mary—thereby, cementing more closely, the purposed bond of friendship.

HENRY. St. George, man! — 'tis a startling proposition. What! marry my young and lovely sister, to a drivelling dotard—old enough to be her grandfather; with one foot already in the grave; and the other hobbling fast on, to the same destination? Beside—she is betrothed already, to the Archduke Charles; this could not be annulled without a dispensation from the Pope; which might be difficult to gain.

WOL. *That* obstacle might be surmounted, should your Highness feel disposed to favor the proposals of King Louis; the Court of Spain having already made such delays, as would excuse the violation of the promise; and, (if necessary) the sanction of his Holiness might be afterwards obtained.

HENRY. Thanks for thine advice:—we will consider the subject farther.—Proceed, in thy statement of the terms.

WOL. Several stipulations relative to pecuniary matters follow: the last article, your Highness's keen sense of honor, *doubtless* will reject.

HENRY. Name it.

WOL. It is nothing less, than the restoration of Tournay.

HENRY. Faith, it is a point on which (despite our honor) we shall not be over scrupulous; since it is hardly worth the maintenance of a garrison, to defend this single point of vantage.

WOL. It were presumption in me, to offer counsel to your Grace unasked—yet—I would suggest—this were an easy resignation of the laurels lately gained; that might induce to farther innovation.

HENRY. True—this also shall be matter of reflection. Is there aught beside?

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WOL. Nothing, if memory serve me rightly; but perhaps your Highness will yourself, hold conference with the Duke?

HENRY. We will, let him be summoned.

[Wolsey *sounds a silver whistle: enter a yeoman.*

HENRY. Conduct hither the Duc de Longueville; and see that due respect be paid him. [*Exit* Yeoman.]—The King of France does well to choose a messenger, whose liberty depends on his success:—engage but the self-interest of your servants on your side,—and you will be spared the anxiety of doubting their fidelity.

WOL. Discernment, and sound judgment, are not the least conspicuous, among the qualities displayed by your Highness. *(Aside)* I must be cautious regarding Tournay:—for, should he suspect a selfish motive—he will at once resign it;—and the bishoprick (so long toiled for) will escape, at the very moment I have grasped it.

*Enter the* Duc de Longueville.

HENRY. How fares your lordship?

DUKE. As fares the falcon — hooded and chained to her perch—as the hound cooped up in his kennel—or the war-horse idling in his stall. I long to stretch my pinions—and to feel that they are free once more.

HENRY. If aught be lacking which *can* contribute to your comfort and convenience; name it, and it shall be yours.

DUKE. I thank you, Sire;—but 'tis for liberty alone, I sigh—the love of liberty!—that birthright of our nature—which warms the heart of every being who claims the name of man.

HENRY. And yet—how few *are* free!

DUKE. Aye, few indeed—all feel the yoke of slavery, more or less; from the poor African,

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whose colour is the badge of his degraded state—unto the proudest brow, that ever wore a crown.

HENRY. Thou need'st not tell *me* that.

DUKE. Some spread the sails of expectation, and are slaves to hope---some tug the oars of emulation, and are the slaves of jealousy---whilst others, guide the rudder of policy, and are enslaved by fear, that every shoal will wreck their deep laid schemes.

WOL. Such are the salutary checks---which heaven imposes, on the pride of man.

DUKE. Yet, not content with these, man is ever devising for his fellow-creatures, or himself, new fetters:—some are guided by the opinion of those, who but advise as their own interest dictates;—and are (in their turn) shackled by the dread of being detected: and often, from words spoken innocently; but which conscience applies to their own motives, derive immense disquietude.

WOL. With the permission of his Grace, were it not better to proceed to business?

DUKE. May it please you, Sire, Louis XII. King of France, sends his greeting to your Highness; with whom he is desirous of concluding a peace: upon the terms stated in this document.

[*Presents a paper to the King, who reads it attentively.*]

WOL. *(To the Duke.)* The King seems resolved with regard to Tournay---perhaps it were better not to urge it.

DUKE. My instructions are, to urge the fulfilment of *all* these conditions; and it is the duty of a servant, *strictly* to obey his master's orders.

HENRY. Convey to our brother, the King of France, assurances of our good will; and earnest desire for the establishment of peace: but, say, the terms proposed are such as may not be readily

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agreed to; and we would rather he sent public ambassadors; with whom, we will confer at greater length. For thyself—we cannot give thee liberty —until this negotiation be farther advanced; but if aught can render confinement more endurable, thou shalt have it. [*The Duke bows and retires.*] My lord, the Queen expects us.

[*Exit* King Henry *and* Wolsey.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Richmond Palace; the windows opening on a flower garden.*

Queen Catherine, *and the* Princess Mary, *working tapestry.*

QUEEN. How sweet it is, thus to retire from all the bustle of a court; and beguile the moments, with the various employments, female industry affords: I love, by turns, to taste the freshness of the scene without; and to pursue my welcome toil within.

MARY. I once esteemed the labors of the needle irksome; and preferred the gambols of my young companions: but the counsels of your Grace have taught me wisdom, and *almost* supplied the absence of a mother, early lost.

QUEEN. 'Tis rightly said, *almost;* for nothing fully can supply a mother's care; and scarce the helpless infant in its cradle, so much requires her aid; as does the maiden, entering into life. 'Tis then, her watchful eye is needed most:—her kind advice (drawn from the well of deep experience);



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and stock of fortitude, derived from long acquaintance with the lot of woman; are by affection's hand administered, to guide the novice in the mazes of the world: without dismaying her unpractised heart.

MARY. Then *happy* they, who find a friend; when of a mother robbed; whose prudence, and sincerity, in part, atone their loss.

QUEEN. I scarcely can conceive the mind so vacant and irrational; as to deem any season, void of charms: to me the rolling months are but an altered beauty, varied by the light of time; as colours on the drakes rich breast, still changing in the beams of day. Dost not thou know a song, which speaks of this? sing it—I pray;—it is a strain of rational enjoyment, that better suits me; than rhapsody of passionate composer.*

[*The* Princess *sings.*]

SONG.

1st.

Say not summer, *only* cheereth;
Crowned with wreaths of rosy bloom;
Whilst on winter's brow appeareth,
Nought to compensate its gloom.
*Both* in turn; can offer pleasure,
Tho' it be a vary'd joy;
Ev'ry hour will prove a treasure,
So it find, but meet employ.

2nd.

Spring, in verdant robe of gladness,
Summer, bright'ning all the earth;
Autumn's tint of sober sadness,
Winter, with its social mirth.
Sweet alike, each passing season,
Ever fraught with new delight;
If the equal hand of reason,
Tune the heart, to feel aright.

* The temper of Queen Catherine, during her marriage with Henry, appears to have been equal and dignified; and no doubt laid the foundation of that fortitude, which she exhibited in the vicissitudes that she was destined to encounter.

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QUEEN. I have grieved to see the ladies of our court, upon a gloomy day, when they can neither hunt, hawk, nor ride; sit listlessly, as though life were a burden; except some revel roused them to exertion.

MARY. Among the numerous ladies who frequent your Grace's court, I know not one possess'd of such companionable qualities, as little Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn: who (though yet a child) has so well pleased me; that I am purposed (should her father give consent) to add her to my suite.

QUEEN. A fairer form, a lighter heart; or quicker comprehension; thou wilt rarely find.

*(A Trumpet sounds.)*

MARY. What means this clamour in the court yard? does the king hunt to-day?

QUEEN. No—he receives ambassadors from France—who come to treat of peace:—heaven prosper their negotiations!---that my dear lord may be no more exposed, to wars uncertain chance.

MARY. *I* would make *any* sacrifice—to gain this peace.

[*Enter an attendant.*] *(To the Princess)*—The Bishop of Lincoln desires an audience, of your Highness.

MARY. Admit him instantly.

[*Exit the servant. Enter* Wolsey.]

WOL. *(To the Queen)*—Madam, your servant. *(To the Princess)*—So please your Highness, I am commissioned by the King, your brother, to inform you; that their Excellencies, John de Selve, First President of Roan; and Thomas Bohier, Chevalier General of France, have arrived on an embassy—for the purpose of negotiating a marriage---between Louis XII. King of France---and your Highness.

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MARY. My Lord!—

QUEEN. What means this barter! unsanctioned by the Princess?—if, indeed, you jest not---which seems more probable---since the infirmities of the King of France; demand the aid, of prudent matron—skilled in nursing—more than youthful bride.

WOL. Madam, I never jest, in matters of such high importance to the state: it is the pleasure of my lord, the King; resulting from mature deliberation.

QUEEN. Perchance, my lord, 'tis more the pleasure of the king's advisers; such is too oft the case, when inconsistencies like this occur. Where is the contract with my kinsman---the Archduke?

WOL. All necessary measures will be taken, to satisfy the court of Spain. We wait, but the consent of the Princess, to proceed.

MARY. Good, my lord!—I pray you to have patience with me---and afford me time:---the suddenness of this proposal, has o'erwhelmed me.

WOL. I will report the answer of your Highness, to the King. [*Exit.*

MARY. *(Embracing the Queen.)* Advise me! Madam, what 'twere best to do.

QUEEN. I cannot advise thee, to do that, which is an insult to my own kindred; nor would I shackle thee with that most galling chain, which binds an ill-assorted union. Let thine own heart decide.

KING HENRY. *(Speaking without.)* Say to their Excellencies, I will ere long be with them.

MARY. My brother's voice!---Oh! if he should with angry words insist. [*Enter Henry—the Princess runs to meet him.*] Chide me not, my lord---but check the harsh rebuke---and look with pity—on your hapless sister.

HENRY. How now!---wherefore this sudden

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storm---these childish tears?---who told thee, that I came to chide?

MARY. No one; but---I have delayed compliance with your wishes; and fear I have offended; yet—I cannot—*now* decide—I never dreamed, the contract with the Archduke, *could* be broken---*if I had*—

HENRY. Well; if this afflicts thee, thou shalt have him yet: we will pursue thy union with Charles.

MARY. No!---I do not wish it---I am glad *'tis* set aside---I did not mean---*that Charles.*

HENRY. Not *that* Charles; *what* Charles, then? but to be brief, if this proposal be so contrary to thy desire; we will abandon it: and decide our differences by force of arms.

MARY. Alas! will my refusal, then, give rise to farther bloodshed? but a short half-hour ago---unwittingly I said—I would make *any* sacrifice to gain this peace—and little deemed the trial was so near at hand. Then I *will* wed the king.

HENRY. Well spoken; though by my soul, I see not this great sacrifice: why, thou wilt be a queen, and reign with undisputed sway; for Louis will interfere little in thy government: and the whole region of fair France, will yield thee homage, and lay its treasures at thy feet.

MARY. Such considerations, will have small weight in my decision.

HENRY. Well, I am no wizard, to explore a woman's meaning; nor can I tarry longer now; either here is some secret yet untold; or 'tis a well devised caprice, a coy refusal, to make the tardily obtained consent, more precious. Good Catherine, we commend her to thy care, for affairs of weight demand our presence. [*Exit.*

QUEEN. Come sister, time, reflection, and an

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appeal to that Great Power! who can alone direct us rightly; will much profit thee.

[*Exit the* Queen *and the* Princess. *Enter the* Duke of Suffolk, *from the opposite side.*

BRAN. Not here:---perhaps she joins the sports below; receives the homage of admirers, and practises the queenly game, which she must shortly play. *(Looks round.)* Behold her lute! her broidery; the half-formed labor of her gentle hands---'tis strange!---that one whose leisure is bestowed thus innocently, should e'er be sullied by ambition, *vanity*, or pride. What story does the canvass tell? *(Takes it up.)* The simple love of shepherd and his lass. Pshaw!---'tis a mockery of feelings which she never knew: it is too bad—thus to be made her plaything---till some more glittering toy supplant me. I had excused her union with the Archduke, upon the plea, that 'twas her father's wish: but now I verily believe, were Death himself to offer, she would accept him, so he had a crown to put upon her head, and jewels to adorn her; instead of uniting herself, (as she is about to do) to his younger brother, disease and infirmity, in the shape of yon old monarch—Mary, marry Louis!---but it is the punishment due to my folly; for looking so far above me: there were fair dames enow, in my own station, who would have joyfully accepted me: nor is it now too late: I will leave the court, retire to my own domain of Buckland;* and wed the daughter of some country gentleman; untainted by the vices of the world---Who comes here? that many colored merchantman of folly's wares, the king's jester.

* Buckland House, Berkshire; presented by King Henry to the Duke of Suffolk, on his return from the invasion of France: and given back to the king in 1535, in exchange for other estates.

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*Enter* Somers.

SOM. Good morrow to your lordship.

BRAN. Hence! I am in no mood to listen to *thy* prating.

SOM. Good, my lord! I am no Frenchman, that you should deal so roughly with me.

BRAN. Frenchman! indeed; would I had annihilated every one of them, when I had foot upon their soil.—Begone! I say.

SOM. Neither am I thy lady-love, to incur so much of thy displeasure.

BRAN. Wilt thou begone?

SOM. Some time, no doubt, I shall; no man can tarry in one place for ever.

BRAN. (*Laying his hand upon his sword.*)—Dare'st thou insult me?

SOM. Nay, my lord, look not so fiercely: my vesture is sword proof; and many a gallant, who would pierce an iron breast-plate, harms not me.

BRAN. True—it were indeed debasing to dip my sword in blood like thine.

SOM. Can I be of service to your lordship? you seem chafed, and need assistance.

BRAN. How can'st thou assist, in what thou dost not understand?

SOM. What if I should understand it? there's many a secret meets mine ear men wot not of; and under cover of my fools-cap, I survey dark corners whence others are excluded.—Thy love is known to me;—and 'tis with grief I see thy lady, forced to a match, in which her heart rejoiceth not.

BRAN. *What*, said'st thou—*forced?—How—when—by whom?*—tell me *all* thou know'st.

SOM. But,—I am about to depart;—in obedience to the express desire of your lordship.

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BRAN. Stay, I entreat---command thee, stay---whate'er reward—

SOM. Thanks to the liberality of the king my master, I stand in need of no reward, but will inform thee willingly---Know, then---'tis fear of a protracted war, which has induced the Princess to consent: but 'twere a long and mournful tale, to speak her altered looks, her heaving bosom (witness of the recent strife within), her swollen eyes, and pallid cheeks; as lately in the hall below, (with trembling hand) she signed the contract.

BRAN. How—has she signed?---sacrificed herself upon the altar of peace?—sweet dove!---how have I wronged thee!---Where is the Princess now?

SOM. On my road hither, I passed the chapel; whence issued, sweet and plaintive sounds: and peeping through a crevice, I beheld the Princess on her knees before the image of our Lady.

BRAN. I must see her—save her—and that quickly. Know'st thou what *honor* is?

SOM. It is the honesty of gentlemen: that excellent quality, which in the poor man, is termed honesty; distilled in the alembec of politeness, and refinement, becomes honor; and adorns the courtier more than all his gay brocade; the soldier than his burnished armour.

BRAN. Dost thou thyself possess *this* quality?

SOM. Being born an honest man; and having, all my life associated with gentlemen, *perhaps* I do.

BRAN. Tush!—thy humor is as motley as thy garb:—can'st keep a secret?

SOM. I were no man of honor; if I could not.

BRAN. Wilt thou convey, privately, a letter to the Princess?

SOM. One word—before we cease to speak of honor—thou art a servant of the king—I am the same—yet, thou would'st have me, convey, clandestinely, from thee, a letter to the Princess, his

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sister: the very day he has betrothed her to another. Nay—think no scorn of being rebuked by me—men know me not---know not, how much of wisdom, it requires to play the fool: nor how much judgment, to divine the thoughts of those I serve; and choose the fittest moment for a jest. Few earn their bread with more exertion than myself; but 'tis my trade; and I have (thank heaven) an excellent master, who rewards me well.

BRAN. Good fellow, thou hast done me a great service, and saved me from the rash commission of such deeds; as after thoughts might bitterly repent. Accept my warmest thanks.

SOM. The thanks of my own conscience, will content me. Will you not join the festivities below?

BRAN. I am in no humour to follow such pursuits.

SOM. But I am, and will therefore go; my service to your lordship. [*Exit.*

BRAN. Honor; or dishonor: I *will* see her, ere I sleep, to night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Palace gardens by moonlight. Enter the* Princess Mary.

MARY. The storm is past—the conflict over—I can once more listen to the voice of reason; and my breast is tranquil, as the brow of night. Do I then err, in thus responding to his passionate appeal; and meeting him alone? No---surely 'tis no sin; to see him once again, commend him to the care of heaven; and exhort him to the fortitude, I feel. Ye holy angels!—who spread your guardian wings, over the world, at this still hour; bear witness to the purity of motive, which inspires me; and when the hour of trial comes—be near —to comfort, and support me; if my heart should fail.



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[Brandon *rushes from among the trees, and throws himself at her feet.*

BRAN. Illustrious Princess!---ruler of my heart—

MARY. Stay, Brandon!---rise!---it is not thus, that we must meet;—breathe not for me the lover's vow; nor bend the suppliant knee---but hear me —and be calm.

BRAN. Bid the bark rest---when tempests rage around:---the branches of the forest trees be still ---when howls November's blast:—but bid not *me* be calm.

MARY. I came not here to listen to a lover; but to seek a friend.

BRAN. And thou hast found one: who will free thee from the chains, that threaten to enslave thee.

MARY. That hope is vain:---it is the tax, imposed on those of lofty station; to forego their private feelings, when the public good requires it: this I have done, to gain a peace, of great advantage to my country: thou know'st that I have ever *advocated* peace; and shall I shrink, when called on to secure it; by a sacrifice of love? No—vain indeed, the *empty theory;* unsustained by practice.

BRAN. But wilt thou *quit* a station, held on tenure, so repugnant to the heart? Look on this, which I purloined but lately, from thy store of needle-work; survey the scene of humble happiness, thou hast thyself pourtrayed; and say—might *we* not realize this joy—in some obscure and distant spot---where tyrant laws could never mar our bliss?

MARY. There is no spot so distant, or obscure; as to evade the power of conscience! and every groan, occasioned by the strife of war — would follow to that deep retirement---and upbraid my selfish soul—I have *said* the word---and *signed* the deed---and am; as much the bride of Louis, as though I sat upon his throne.

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BRAN. Thou art but betrothed---thou wert betrothed before---*that* contract was dissolved---and why not *this*, as well?

MARY. My fate is fixed---I am resolved to meet it---and to look upon the brightest side---I will endeavour to forget the past, and to improve the present. They tell me, Louis is a good old king, his hoary hairs will claim respect; and his infirmities demand my care: and so he deal but kindly with me, I shall o'ercome my sorrow, in performance of my duty.

BRAN. Can'st thou speak thus coldly of the sword, which cuts the golden chord of hope, that bound me? Then have I not been loved sincerely.

MARY. To say *how much* I loved, were useless now: suffice it, that the qualities I know thee to possess, would still command my friendship; could I see thee rise to dignity, serene; and rational. Where is thy boasted courage?---thou who art foremost in the battle-field—will it not serve thee, in the daily trials all are doomed to meet?---if thou wilt *not* subdue, this childish weakness;—I will at once retire:---and deem, thou art, unworthy my esteem.

BRAN. Then I will emulate thy fortitude---and wage a generous strife, of uncomplaining patience —forgetting *all* my grief, in offices of friendship; and endeavours to increase thy bliss.

MARY. *There* spoke the spirit of the noble Suffolk!—*there* the heart---on which I could, with confidence rely.

BRAN. Yes---I will follow thee---with faithful step and watchful eye---to spread thy fair renown, yet wider; and if need be---to draw my sword---and couch my lance---in thy defence.

MARY. This thou may'st hardly do: thy name is not included in the train, my brother has appointed me.

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BRAN. But I will ask it; as the greatest boon, he can accord me:---imagination dips, in three-fold poison, the darts of disappointment: were I to remain behind, to view the place which thou had'st filled---it were indeed a bitter draught:---but to be near thee---to behold thy excellence; and know that thou receiv'st the homage thou deservest, will direct my thoughts in loftier channels; and obliterate the past.

MARY. Then be it so—but see!—the night wears on; and yon pure orb, ascending to her midnight throne, warns us 'tis time to part.

BRAN. In thy sweet company---hours vanish rapidly—adieu, fair princess!—may thy dreams, be the bright heralds of approaching bliss; reserved for future hours.

## SCENE III.—*A Banquet Hall.*

*Enter* King Henry, Queen Catherine, *the* Princess Mary, Wolsey, *the* Duke de Longueville, Will Somers, *and a train of courtiers; they take their places at the table.*

HEN. Once more, my lords! we meet around the festive board, with the addition of our late prisoner; now our honored guest, the Duc de Longueville. 'Tis an occasion, at once, of sorrow and of joy: sorrow, since it is the last time, our sister will adorn the courtly circle; joy, that she will shortly fill the throne, to which her merits well entitle her.

DE LON. Your Highness has, then, brought the treaty to conclusion?

HEN. We have — consenting to the chief conditions (except the restoration of Tournay) which is a conquest, far too glorious, to be easily resigned. To-morrow we shall conduct our sister to Dover; and confide her to the Duke of Norfolk; who will escort her to the capital of France; and

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there remain, until all ceremonies are completed.* *(Fills a cup.)* Pledge me, my lords, in wishing a safe voyage and a blithe reception, to the future Queen of France. But where is our brave Suffolk? he should not be absent---for he is ever foremost in the festive hall; as on the Tented field.

QUEEN. I have, with some surprise, remarked, his late estrangement from the pastimes of the court.

COURTIER. So, please your Grace! I saw him yesterday, in a green alley of the garden; he walked with pensive steps; and when I did accost him, he turned away, and scarce responded to my salutation.

QUEEN. Poor youth! has sickness marked him for its prey?

COURTIER. To me, it seemed, that sickness of the heart, which sets its deadly seal upon the visage, and makes direst havoc in the noblest minds.

HENRY. We will inquire---and if it be within our power, his cause of grief shall be removed:--- but now, no more of this, it is a mournful theme, which suits but ill these joyous moments. Is there no minstrel present, to enliven our repast?

SOM. There is one here, who hath requested me to introduce him to the notice of your Highness; for doing which, I take unto myself great credit; seeing it is not always the custom of those in office, to be thus disinterested.

[Somers *makes a sign to the Minstrel, who comes forward and sings.*

SONG.

1st.

On Albion's wave, autumnal gales,
With fav'ring breeze expand the sails,
And gently kiss the deep:
That cradled on its trembling breast,
Secure may Royal Mary rest,
And nought molest her sleep.

* The Princess Mary embarked at Dover on the 2nd of October, 1514.

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2nd.

Haste, lady, haste! on Gallia's strand,
Her monarch claims thy promised hand,
In royal state thou'lt live:
But, ere thy native shore thou leave,
A minstrel's benison receive;
'Tis all he has to give.

3rd.

The saints protect thee, Royal Bride!
The Holy Virgin be thy guide!
And never-failing friend:
May health and happiness combine,
The bridal wreath for thee to twine,
And all thy steps attend.

HENRY. An appropriate composition, and skilfully performed. Good minstrel!---accept of this reward, for past exertions; and encouragement to future ones.

MINSTREL. I thank your Grace, most humbly, but I need not gold; yet, since your Highness honors my exertions with your approbation---there is *one* favor---I would have the boldness to request.

HENRY. Name it.

MINSTREL. It is---that---I may be permitted to join the retinue of the Princess---and attend her destination.

HENRY. It is a demand easily granted; but we would first know, who it is, that makes it; the voice appears familiar;---yet we do not recognise the person.

MINSTREL. *(Throwing aside his mantle.)* Does my sovereign know me now? and will he deign to honor my petition?

HENRY. By the brightest jewel in our crown! ---our good friend, Suffolk---said we not that he would scarce be absent from the hall to night? Will I favor thy petition?---marry, will I; if it be only for the surprise thou hast occasioned us.

BRAN. Forgive me the deceit; I feared I might not else, obtain my wish.

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HENRY. And wherefore not?---a plain request made in thine own person, had been sufficient. But does our sister, give consent?

MARY. I shall rejoice, in adding to my suite, so faithful an adherent.

DE LON. Methinks, your Highness will have food for jealousy; since so many of your followers, throng the train of the Princess; that she will presently, transport all your subjects, to the other side the channel.

HENRY. We are not (thank heaven) disposed to jealousy, else should we have sufficient cause; in that our fair sister, has conquered by *her* charms; the monarch whom we strove to *quell*, by *force*. Neither ought we to complain; while so faithful a counsellor, as my Lord of Lincoln, remains to us; who seems, in no wise tempted, to desert us; for the gaieties, which France will soon afford.

WOL. Far be it from me! to yield to such inducements; when the pleasure of your Highness, and the welfare of the state, demand my presence.

SOM. Then there is myself; who have no intention, whatever, of leaving you; for, to say truth---I like not the fare, provided by these Frenchmen; so well as that which your goodness affords me; and it is the duty of every one to stick to his old master; so long as he has no reasonable prospect of finding a better.

HENRY. Well! we shall have servants enow left, we trust; even should our sister, beguile the greater part; and these we can readily forgive; in consideration of the motives, which induce them. But now, my lords, 'twere better if we quaff our final cup, and then retire; for to-morrow we must be stirring with the dawn: else shall we not complete our purposed journey.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Abbeville,* the houses profusely decorated.*

*Enter* Louis XII., *supported by attendants, and accompanied by the* Duc D'Angouleme; *and officers of the king's household.*

LOUIS. Can'st thou see aught of the procession, Francis? we long, to behold the Princess; and know, whether she be indeed so fair as report speaks her.

FRANCIS. I can perceive, Sire, a vast concourse approaching; which appears like a huge army: can this be the train of the Princess?†

LOUIS. Doubtless it is: English Henry, is too much attached to pomp, and show; to suffer his sister to come hither, with a mean retinue.

FRANCIS. In good sooth; her followers are sufficiently numerous to inundate the whole country; and, if they be not well looked to, will perhaps, yet make an attempt, to put the English yoke about our necks.

LOUIS. It is ungenerous to harbor such suspicions; when harmony, and confidence, should reign supreme.

FRANCIS. Yet, it becomes a wise general, to observe in times of peace; such circumstances, as affect the cause, for which he fights in war.

LOUIS. True; but, it becomes not the brave Francis, to yield to these illiberal thoughts. Dost thou discern the Princess, amidst this gay assemblage?

* The Princess reached Abbeville, on the 8th of October; where she was met by the King.

† The suite of the Princess was of the most numerous and splendid description: she was herself dressed in cloth of silver; the trappings of her palfrey, and those of her ladies, were of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold; and everything in proportionate magnificence.

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FRAN. I distinguish, in the midst a group of ladies; the foremost of whom (riding on a white palfrey) I conceive, to be her Highness.

LOUIS. By whom is she accompanied, most nearly?

FRAN. A cavalier, rides with her; who is (no doubt) the Duke of Norfolk, her conductor: and ever and anon, another gallant holds brief converse with her: by St. Denis—I believe it is the same—who bore himself so bravely in the Battle of the Spurs!—I should recognize his noble mien, among a thousand others.

LOUIS. I pray you, kinsman, let no hostile feeling be awakened.

FRAN. On the contrary—I shall rejoice, to meet in friendly guise, so good a soldier. But see—the cavalcade has reached the gate, the Princess has alighted; and, with a few attendants, hastens toward us.

LOUIS. Could I but release myself—from that old enemy the gout—whom no general can conquer; and no monarch awe; how would I fly to meet her—and lay my heart—my crown—my sceptre at her feet. But I am doomed to rest inactive here; and leave to words, what words can ne'er effect, to speak the force of love; and admiration—for e'en my eyes, love's best (interpreters,) grown dim with age; refuse their services.*

*Enter the* Princess Mary, *accompanied by the* Duke of Suffolk *and several attendants.*

LOUIS. Fair branch of an exalted tree—illustrious Princess of the House of Tudor!—welcome—to the land, which shall henceforward be thine

* The absurdity of Louis is by no means exaggerated. All historians agreeing, that he rendered himself ridiculous in the eyes of his courtiers in this instance, although he was possess'd of many estimable qualities.



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own :—the jewels in the diadem prepared for thee; already sparkle with impatience, to adorn thy brow; and, we ourselves, await most anxiously the hour, when we shall place thee on our throne; and call on France to offer homage worthy of her Queen.

MARY. The condescension of your Highness, in thus fixing your choice upon me; and the glad reception I have everywhere encountered, claim my warmest thanks.

FRAN. *(Kneeling)* Permit me, Madam; here to offer duteous submission, to the destined consort of my king.

MARY. The Duc D'Angouleme,* if I mistake not; of whose valorous deeds, my brother oftentimes hath spoken, with much admiration.

FRAN. The good opinion of the King of England, sanctioned by his royal sister, is a noble recompense for every toil.

LOUIS. But tell us, noble lady, how likest thou thy new dominions? will their charms, efface the memory of thy native soil?

MARY. It were capricious, and ungrateful, to forget the land which gave me birth; where I have spent so many happy hours, mid scenes that must remain for ever dear. Nevertheless—I looked with pleasure on the smiling scenes through which I lately passed; and was rejoiced, to see the garb of plenty which they wore.

LOUIS. To know that such is the condition of his subjects, is a blessing to a sovereign's heart.

MARY. The King, my brother, sends his greeting to your Highness; with letters and tokens; entrusted to my Lord of Norfolk: who will be with us, so soon as he shall have provided for all

* The Duc D'Angouleme was one of the bravest warriors of the age, and on one occasion, when contending with the Swiss, remained 28 hours on horseback, and in armour.

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my followers a place of rest; of which they stand in so much need. Meanwhile, permit me to present to your Grace, the Duke of Suffolk; a distinguished favorite of my royal brother.

FRAN. My Lord of Suffolk, was I think, conspicuous in the Battle of the Spurs?

BRAN. I had the honor to command the vanguard of the royal army, throughout the whole campaign.

FRAN. I shall cultivate thy friendship with much satisfaction. But we weary the Princess with needless ceremonies; while she is, no doubt, fatigued as well as her attendants.

LOUIS. Right; we will ourselves conduct the Princess to the place prepared for her reception; and so soon as she hath sufficiently recovered from her journey; the nuptials shall be celebrated,* and we will return in triumph to our capital.

[*Exeunt; the* King, *conducting the* Princess.

SCENE II.—*The apartment of the Queen of France. The* Queen, *seated at a table covered with writing materials*—Anne Boleyn, *sitting at her feet.*

MARY. Is *this* the happiness that waits a bride? —the power a Queen possesses?---I wonder much, my Lord of Norfolk, does not oppose this cruel policy.

ANNE. What is it, dearest lady, which afflicts thee?

MARY. This very morning†—all my followers have been discharged---to wander vagabonds; and outcasts; starve, or beg their bread; as best they may:—and I am left, a stranger in a foreign land —without a friend to counsel me---save him---of

* The marriage took place on the 9th of October.

† On the morning after her marriage, the Queen's attendants were discharged, and the letter addressed to her brother, here spoken of, is preserved in the British Museum. Anne Boleyn, however, still remained with her.

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whom, I scarcely dare to think—the eye of slander, has already glanced upon him—and the idlers of the court, bestow the silent shrug; and ready sneer; whene'er he seeks my presence. I have addressed a letter, to my royal brother—he surely will redress my wrongs; for he was ever wont, to listen kindly, to my least complaint.

ANNE. Yet do not say thy friends are *all* dismissed---remember *I* am left---I will be always at thy side—and love thee more, to compensate their loss.

MARY. Yes---their selfish jealousy has indeed omitted thee---and thine affection will atone for much—but how can'st thou advise or aid me? I need a counsellor, whose wisdom and experience; may direct me, in the yet unpractised duties, of my station. The cherished and familiar faces, that my childhood loved; are banished, when I most require their presence.

ANNE. I little thought to see your Highness in such grief---I deemed it was a pleasant thing to be a queen—to have a beautiful, and glittering crown---to be admired and courted—and are not queens obeyed, then?—can they not give commands; and have their will performed?

MARY. If ever thou should'st live to be a queen —may'st thou find it, far more fraught with happiness, than I do, now.

ANNE. Oh! I shall never be one—my father,* is a simple gentleman, and can leave his child no royal heritage: I have sometimes wished---I had been born a princess---but I shall not do so now —Oh, no!

MARY. Some one approaches — convey this letter; and the piece of money, to the messenger who waits below.

[*Exit* Anne Boleyn, *with the letter.*

* At that time he was only Sir Thomas Boleyn.

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*Enter* Louis.

Louis. What! does our consort spend the first morning of her wedded life, in loneliness; and tears?

Mary. Forgive the weakness---Sire—which cannot part without regret, from those whom custom, early recollection; and much worth, have rendered dear.

Louis. It ill becomes the Queen of France, thus to indulge in secret sorrow; when admiring courtiers ask her presence: and although it has been deemed expedient, for state reasons, to dismiss thy former friends; we trust (amongst thy present subjects) thou wilt soon find others worthy to replace them.

Mary. It is a loss not easily repaired; yet, since my lord commands it; I will hide my grief; and mingle in those gaieties prepared to honor me.

Louis. 'Tis well said! the festive scene will prove but cheerless, if thou grace it not; and though we lack the speed of youthful lover, in complying with thy wishes; 'tis not from coldness of the heart, but rather these stiff limbs, refusing to perform their office.

Mary. Believe me---I regret sincerely—the inconvenience which your Grace complains of; and would willingly do aught, I can, to lessen it.

Louis. We thank thee, gentle consort, for thy kind concern; and, with thy leave, will lead thee to thy chamber; to assume a guise, more fitting to receive our guests.

[*The* King *leads the* Queen *to the door of an inner room; through which she passes.*

*Enter the* Duc D'Angouleme.

Fran. My honored relative and king!

Louis. Francis---thou art welcome—we have need of thine advice---dost thou not think these measures, regarding the Queen's attendants, somewhat too harsh?---she bears it much at heart—

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and it seems to us unkind; that the first act of conjugal obedience, required, should be so far repugnant to her feelings.

FRAN. Praying forgiveness, for differing in opinion from your Highness; I should say—no! —like the morning vapor, that exhales before the sun; her grief will disappear, beneath the genial influence of a lively court; and she will seek associates, who will divert her mind, from English recollections; and incur no risk, of peopling the country with her brother's minions; who may, sooner or later, cause us no small inconvenience.

LOUIS, This may be politic — but it seems hardly generous—however, we will give it a fair trial—and if her grief abate not shortly, they must be recalled. Lend me thine assistance, to the hall of audience.

[*Exit the* King *supported by the* Duke.

*Enter the* Duke of Suffolk.

BRAN. Yes!—I have witnessed her union with her aged bridegroom; and shortly shall behold her coronation. I would rather have seen the grave close over her, than that she should thus be sacrificed: but I have sworn, to be her friend —and must not yield to feelings, which may o'erstep the bounds of reason; and induce to deeds injurious to herself, and me. These chambers are deserted; the banquet has attracted all, to its gay centre; and while the giddy courtiers revel in their mirth, I will enjoy the solitude they offer—and reflect—how I may best promote the end, for which I now exist—her happiness; and peace. But, hark! I hear a step.

*Re-enter the* Duke D'Angouleme.

FRAN. My lord, the king demands your presence, at the feast.

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BRAN. I thank his Highness, for his courtesy, and since it is his pleasure; I will follow you: though I had purposed to remain alone. How came you to know, where I might be found?

FRAN. It lacks not the skill of a magician---to know, that they who want my Lord of Suffolk---will be most likely to meet with him---in the apartments of the Queen.

BRAN. Hold, there!---else may'st thou find our friendship, not so firmly linked, but a well-tempered blade may sever it.

FRAN. Lay not the blame on me---there is not one, in all the court, but knows it well.

BRAN. Would I had the whole bevy of scandal mongers on a fair field; and a good weapon in mine hand; I would soon teach them, to build their vile slanders, on more sure foundations.

FRAN. Prithee reserve thine anger---till the coronation of the queen, when the king purposes to give a tournament, at which all the gallants of the court, will exhibit their prowess; and afford thee opportunity, to overthrow them.

BRAN. Did not the laws of chivalry, and presence of the fair forbid it; I would show them such sport, as they should long remember.

FRAN. Thou need'st not hold thyself, so much aggrieved: seeing the king himself, is not exempted from their raillery.

BRAN. What! are they guilty of ingratitude to him, whom all allow to be a gentle master; and the father of his people?

FRAN. 'Tis even so---and it must be allowed, despite his many claims to their esteem, that this unhappy affectation of a youthful lover's gallantry, which now possesses him; affords but too much ground, for ridicule.

BRAN. How often do we find, men doing such injustice to themselves, and by assuming characters least suited for them, incurring much

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contempt; when, in a well judged state, they might command respect.

FRAN. Most true; but whilst we moralize, time passes: and the king awaits us. Let us hence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.---*The Lists, surrounded by a platform, and several gaily coloured tents. At the upper end the* Queen of France, *and her ladies: the* King, *lying on a litter: courtiers and spectators. Within the Lists, the* Duc D'Angouleme, *the* Duke of Suffolk, *and other combatants in armour.*

MARY. *(Addressing the King.)* Were it not better the sports should now conclude? I fear that your Grace is encountering for my amusement, more fatigue than you are well able to bear.

LOUIS. Fatigue will be disregarded, so long as our fair consort derives entertainment from the tilt: but, to afford the more variety, let the knights proceed on foot, to exercise their skill, in the use of two-handed swords.

*(The King speaks to an officer, who goes to one of the tents, from which a Herald immediately advances to the centre of the Lists.)*

HERALD. I declare the pleasure of the king to be---that such noblemen and knights, as are desirous of farther exhibiting their skill, in honor of the coronation of the Queen,* shall do so on foot: armed only with two-handed swords.

*(The Herald retires, and the music plays a martial air, while the Knights withdraw to the tents. At its conclusion, a German warrior, of large stature, advances and speaks.)*

GERMAN. I will see, whether this stripling is to carry all before him; 'twill be hard indeed; if he

* The Queen was crowned at St. Denis, on the 5th November, the Duc D'Angouleme, holding over her head the enormous iron crown, used on the occasion.

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conquer me: who am wont to crush mine adversaries, as I would the flies that sting me—Come forth, sir Englishman---and let us prove your metal---in the use of this new weapon.

BRAN. *(Re-appearing armed with a sword.)* Boast not too readily; a cavalier, educated in King Henry's court; knows how to wield a sword; as well, as couch a lance.

[*They encounter: during the struggle the* Queen *rises, and bends anxiously forward. At a heavy blow, dealt by his antagonist, the* Duke *falls on one knee, and the* Queen *shrieks;* Brandon *looks towards her, springs to his feet; and continues to fight, until his opponent falls. A general shout is given by the spectators, and the* Queen *clasps her hands; and sinks back, upon her seat.*

BRAN. *(Lowering his sword.)* Rise! I know how to conquer—as well as how to fight.

[*The* German *rises, and sullenly retires, the* Duc D'Angouleme*; who has been standing in the door of his tent, meets; and takes him aside.*

FRAN. What! wilt thou not challenge him again? Does the German hero yield thus tamely, to the English champion?

GER. I will have no more on't—the evil spirit himself must aid this youngster---and 'tis useless striving against witchcraft.

FRAN. If gold can tempt thee—or preferment—

GER. Not all the bribes which thou can'st offer, shall make me strike another blow. I have been engaged, on a dozen similar occasions, by those who had private interests to serve; and never before sustained such a defeat.*

FRAN. Go, then---for an obstinate brute—as thou art. [*Exit the German.*

* It is true, that Francis, from jealousy of the Duke's superior skill, engaged a powerful German, to oppose him; but without effect.



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MARY. With your Highness's leave—I would retire—so much excitement, wearies me.

LOUIS. Thy wishes are the law, by which all things are ordered.

[*The* King *again addresses the Officer, who goes to the tent; and the Herald comes forward.*

HERALD. The King commands, the cessation of martial exercises for this day; and charges those concerned in them, to retire peaceably from the Lists. I also, proclaim Charles Brandon---Duke of Suffolk---victor in the late encounter—as well as in all former tilts run by him---both against Francis, Duc D'Angouleme—and other nobles of this realm---and I here summon, the said Charles Brandon—to receive, from the hands of the Queen —the recompense prepared for that Knight; who shall have borne himself most valiantly, in this day's tournament. [*Exit*

[*The* Duke of Suffolk *leaves his tent, presents himself before the* Queen; *and bows profoundly.*

MARY. *(Rising, and placing on his head a laurel wreath.)* It is with mingled sentiments of pride, and pleasure; that I bestow, on one of mine own countrymen; the prize awarded, to the champion of the day: and *that*, devoid of partiality—or unfair dealing---but justly merited---and nobly won—as this good company, can bear me witness.

LOUIS. We rejoice in every opportunity of honoring thy friends; and we trust, all, in our dominions; will have generosity enough, to do the same.

MARY. It is to be feared, there are minds (even in high stations) not sufficiently exalted to be thus liberal.

LOUIS. Then, we can wish them no punishment, more severe; than to witness the triumph of him, their malice would depress: and, contented with

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what their own feelings will inflict, shall disturb ourselves no more regarding them. Let the procession form.

[*The band plays; the* King *is borne off, accompanied by the* Queen; *and followed in procession by all, except* Brandon; *who advances, lays down his sword, takes off the wreath; and presses it to his lips.*

Bran. Record of my glory!—rendered thrice dear—by the fair hand that gave thee---thou wilt indeed, be cherished. Ha! what is this?—a paper---twisted curiously amongst the leaves; and marked with characters inscribed by her. *(He unfolds the paper and reads.)*

"My ever valued friend,

"Thou can'st remain no longer here, in "safety—suspicion is awake; and should'st thou "linger, a dungeon may perhaps await thee:—it "was the jealousy of Francis—which employed the "powerful adversary, who so lately struggled with "thee. Mistrust and jealousy, are noxious weeds, "that thrive apace---and the king's ear, may soon "be poisoned: say not, then, with inconsiderate "boldness, thou wilt brave their fury. Remember!! "thou hast *sworn*---to serve me---and the greatest "service, thou can'st render now---will be to leave "me. Go, then! and may the blessing of heaven "be upon thee."

Shall I obey her mandate—and shrink from slanders I have not deserved—as though I were a conscience stricken coward? Yes! for her sake---I will: discretion shall control, resentment; I will not look upon her face again; but mount my steed this instant—bid adieu to France! and seek my native land: to think by day, and dream by night, of her---and her alone. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of the Queen of France. The* Queen *dressed in deep mourning.*

MARY. Three months! but three short months ago---I was a bride—and now, I am a widow,* and Francis sits upon the throne, my consort lately occupied. There is a desolation in the feeling; e'en though the partner I have lost, was little suited for me. The ceremonies, too, which I must needs maintain---hang heavy on me. I would there were an end to all this mournful pageantry. When Francis, at my coronation, held o'er my head the ponderous crown, I had not strength to bear—how meet an emblem was it, of the weight of care which royalty brings with it.

*Enter* Francis I.

FRAN. Excuse me, madam, this intrusion, on your privacy.

MARY. The visits of your Grace, can never be esteemed intrusive; but rather a consolation at the present time.

FRAN. I come, to advertise your Highness, that a deputation from the king, your brother; consisting of the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Richard Wyngfield, and Doctor West, has reached our court; having full authority to conduct you back to England—if such should be your pleasure.

MARY. The tidings are most welcome! for I long, to see my native land again.

FRAN. I have yet another commission: should your Highness no longer require the services of your attendant, Anne Boleyn; our respected mother is anxious to receive her; and will have her

* The death of Louis occurred on the 1st January, 1515. He left four daughters, who were excluded from the succession by the Salic Law.

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educated, with the care, so talented a child deserves.*

MARY. It will be a source of much regret, to part with her; yet for her sake, I shall most willingly, confide her to the conduct of so excellent a lady.† Did I understand your Grace aright---that the Duke of Suffolk---is one of those appointed by my brother to escort me hence?

FRAN. He is; and waits but the leisure of your Highness, to deliver his credentials; and receive instructions.

MARY. I will see him instantly---that is---with your leave—I will retire---and make some trifling preparations, to receive him.

[*The* Queen *curtsies to* Francis; *and withdraws hastily to an inner chamber.*

FRAN. I thought her lovely in her bridal robes ---mid all her queenly splendour; but she is yet more so in these weeds of sorrow: when I behold her, I am almost tempted, to fall at her feet; and beseech her, to share again the throne of France with me: but, perhaps, the advice of my counsellors is more judicious: when they warn me, against taking to myself, a master.‡ Yet, should she return unfettered --- her brother may accept of some alliance, which will prove injurious to me; as she will (no doubt) have many suitors. Then, there is this young duke---he loves her---and with encouragement, might so far brave King Henry's anger, as to marry her. I must sound him on

* On the return of Mary to England, Anne Boleyn remained in the household of Louise, the mother of Francis; she was afterwards transferred to the care of his consort, Queen Claude; with whom she continued until the age of 22, when she came to England.

† Louise was a lady of great talent, and to her very interesting journal, we are indebted for much of the history of the time.

‡ Such was the argument used by the King's ministers. Francis afterwards united himself to a daughter of the late king, Louis XII.

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the subject; since, to unite her with this nobleman, would remove all danger of a marriage with some rival power.

*Enter the* Duke of Suffolk.

BRAN. Is the Queen here?

FRAN. She will be with us shortly; but when I spoke of your arrival, she withdrew, much discomposed: in truth, my lord, it is not every cavalier, whose name, so powerfully affects a lady---of this lofty station.

BRAN. I trust, Sire, I can both appreciate; and return aright; the favor shown me by her Highness.

FRAN. No doubt, thy feelings are as lively as her own. But let me counsel thee---dear Suffolk ---against committing aught; that may provoke thy sovereign's anger.

BRAN. Believe me!---I will not so far betray the confidence the king reposes in me.

FRAN. *(Aside)* So---I must change my ground —and undermine this sense of honor, which possesses him. *(Aloud.)* Yet! there are instances, when it becomes almost a duty, to violate the trust; rather than sacrifice the feelings of the being beloved—and we confess, in such cases, we should ourselves, be well nigh tempted, to favor the deceit.

BRAN. Am I then to infer, from this doubtful language; that King Francis, purposes encouraging my secret union with the Queen?

FRAN. I have *pledged* my *word* to King Henry —*not* to *assist* in any such design.

BRAN. Then, wherefore this debate?

FRAN. To speak plainly---thy passion has engaged my sympathy; and if the Queen consent ---though I have promised, not to *aid* thy plans, I will not *thwart* them---and, once accomplished, I will use my influence, in procuring Henry's

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pardon. But I hear the Queen advancing, and will therefore leave thee. [*Exit.*

*Enter the* Queen.

BRAN. (*Kneeling.*) Permit me, lady, on my bended knee, to offer thee the homage of a heart, which hath not ceased to cherish thy dear image---and whose joy, at once again beholding thee---no words *can* tell.

MARY. To meet once more, the friend, whose presence has been long denied; o'erwhelms me with delight.

BRAN. Then am I richly paid, for all the toil which I endured, ere I could persuade the king, to place me in my present office; and afford me the blest opportunity, of being the first among the numerous suitors, who will seek thy hand.

MARY. Remember! this is not the object of thy mission: first place me safely in my brother's court; and then, (if circumstances favor us,) thou may'st both think; and speak of love.

BRAN. And why not now? on thy return, far more alluring offers will invite thy brother's notice; but if the sacred tie were bound already, he would not long refuse forgiveness to a sister, whom he loves so well.

MARY. I cannot thus deceive him; and even if I would, the jealous eye of Francis, might discover us.

BRAN. Thou need'st not fear it: I have spoken plainly with him; and he has plighted me, his kingly word, not to oppose our union---trust me, heaven hath designed us for each other---and, by removing the great obstacles that threatened to divide us; has opened to our view, so plain a path; we need not fear to take advantage of it: and may reasonably hope the king's free pardon.

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MARY. Let us then seek him, as we are, and *first* obtain consent.

BRAN. No! let us go before him, as a wedded pair; for he can but approve a bond, 'tis vain attempting to dissolve.

MARY. Urge me no farther---for I cannot now, decide; I will reflect on thy proposal; and hold farther converse, with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. --- *The Cloisters of a Convent.*
*Enter the* Duke of Suffolk *and* Mary.

*Bran.* Now thou art mine---mine only---the blessing of the priest hath made us one; the vows pronounced on earth, are registered in heaven, and no human power *can* sever us.*

*Mary.* Yes! we are indeed united; but it is an act, for which we both, may suffer punishment severe: the letter I despatched but lately to my brother, has received a harsh reply; that fills my breast with apprehension.

*Bran.* Fear nothing---sweetest---I know full well the temper of the king; he may be hasty now, but soon his anger will abate; and he will, once again, receive thee, with all gentleness.

*Mary.* I would I could believe it, but, alas! I dread to meet him.

*Bran.* Then, I will leave thee with the good sisters of this convent; and go alone, fall at his feet, and never quit him, till he promise thee, full pardon.

*Mary.* What! part so soon? Oh, no! I am thy wife, now, and I will cling to thee through life ---share *all* vicissitudes; and face *all* dangers, by thy side.

*Bran.* It shall never be said, that I reduced thee, to appear a culprit, and a suitor, to the mercy of the king:---within that very court, where thy

* The private marriage of the Queen and the Duke of Suffolk is supposed to have occurred at Calais.

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birth, excellence, and beauty—most entitle thee to triumph. And how wilt thou — nurtured in courtly splendour — bear this weary journey; without attendants; or those luxuries, which use, hath rendered, second nature?

MARY. The luxury of thy society, will atone the want of every other: and afford me more delight, than the most splendid train, my brother's realms can furnish. Is it not the duty of a wife, to resign all selfish pleasures; and abide with him, her heart has chosen; through every chequered scene?

BRAN. And is it not, the duty of a husband; to protect the partner of his life, from danger and distress; and where he cannot do so, place her distant from its reach?

MARY. But—if it make her happier—to share his fate—

BRAN. If *indeed*—it make thee happier---we will go together—but prithee lay aside these vain alarms.

MARY. They are *not vain*—for I have *erred;* and must expect reproof: alas! if but one act of disobedience, cause such pangs, what must those wretched bosoms feel, whose dark recesses, hold the records of repeated crime.

BRAN. Perhaps, not half so much as thou endurest now: the heart, advancing in the paths of guilt, grows callous; and sin, oftentimes repeated, turns the soul to stone: as water, with perpetual dropping, petrifies the substance which it falls on. But, would that I could cheer thee! and inspire thy bosom, with the pleasant prospects, mine enjoys.

MARY. And can'st thou say with truth—thou hopest for the best?

BRAN. Nay, if thou art so hard to be convinced, I will sing thee a song, which the prospect of return suggested to me; and will be judged, by thee; if there be aught despairing, in the strain. *(He sings.)*



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SONG.

1st.

Ocean girt isle! of the fair and the brave!
My heart throbs with rapture, thy white cliffs to see;
As bounding along on the foam crested wave,
My bark bears me gallantly onward to thee.
Tho' bright be the charms of a sunnier land,
The patriot's bosom (where'er he may roam)
Will faithfully cling to his own native strand;
And turn with delight, to his country, his home!

2nd.

But blest, doubly blest! as a lover I come,
With her my fond heart, has selected its guide;
The partner, whom faithful affection has won;
My star of existence!—my Mary—my bride!
Dear England!—how glad, on thy shores shall I spring,
With one whose affection, is lasting as pure;
Whilst the moments glide o'er us, on love's silken wing;
And hope's brightest promises, ever allure.

MARY. In truth, I can but feel inspired with confidence; by words like these.

*Enter a Monk.*

BRAN. Hail! venerable father; what is thy desire?

MONK. My children, the vesper bell has chimed; I summon you to join our evening prayer; and ask that blessing, on your recent union; without which, it cannot prosper.

BRAN. Father! thy commands shall be obeyed.

MONK. 'Tis well, my son; for it behoves thee to remember—though now possess'd of manly vigour—rank—and wealth—they are the gift of Him! who can as easily remove them—should they be misapplied; or falsely valued. And let this lovely lady, think—her bloom must one day fade—while her immortal soul—if rightly cared for; will acquire more value, by the lapse of time. We are not heartless bigots—yet are unwilling, that any who seek refuge 'neath our roof, should to their nightly couch repair, without invoking first, Divine Protection.

BRAN. Lead on, good father; we will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—*Greenwich Park, with the exterior of the Palace; and a distant view of the river. Enter* King Henry, *attended by* Somers, *and several yeomen, carrying bows.* All singing.*

SONG.

AIR—"*Jockey to the Fair.*"

1st.

To hail the smiling dawn of May,
The village youths in blithe array,
Trip o'er the lawn with hearts so gay;
And taste the breath of morn.
With nimble feet, the rustic train,
Brush off the dewdrops from the plain;
And loudly laughs the joyous swain;
As echo wakens once again;
With sound of flute and horn.

2nd.

Come; merry archers! let us go,
With well-aimed shaft, and bended bow,
Thro' woodland glades to chase the roe,
That haunts the sylvan scene.
Up, up! bold comrades! let's away,
Forestall the rising beams of day;
Our vows to fair Aurora pay,
Inhale the sweets of op'ning May,
'Mid yonder alleys green.

HENRY. In truth, I know of no exercise more delightful and exhilarating; than chasing the deer through his native forests, on a bright and genial morning.

SOM. Neither do I; except it be that, of devouring his plump haunches; prepared before a bright, and genial fire.

HENRY. We wonder much, our good queen comes not forth to meet us; for she is wont, to be stirring with the dawn.† Hugo, sound thy bugle; it will apprise her of our presence.

* The dresses of the King and his yeomen were of white sarsnet, trimmed with green. Henry was particular in his observance of May-day festivities.

† It was the regular custom of Queen Catherine to rise at five.

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[*One of the yeomen winds his horn; the Palace door opens, and* Queen Catherine *appears; followed by her ladies.*

HENRY. *(Going to meet her.)* Come, my fair consort; and enjoy the numerous charms, which nature offers to thy view: see! blushing with the consciousness of her own loveliness, the young spring morning spreads a crimson glow, o'er all the east; the hawthorn bends beneath its snowy blossoms; and the glad birds, pour forth their cheerful songs—by my faith—it is the sweetest May-day, that has dawned upon us, since our happy union.

QUEEN. It is, indeed, a morning that might animate the dullest heart; I purpose strolling with my ladies, to enjoy its earliest charms. But, whither goes my lord?

HENRY. To the greenwood shade, to hunt its fleet inhabitant; then we will return, and join the revels on the village green; where rustics celebrate their happy holiday; and thus beguile the time until the evening banquet claims our presence.

SOM. Talk about labour; depend upon't this pleasuring's the hardest work that's done. Up before the dawn---to go a hunting: back again to dance---wrestle---and what not---upon the green: and then, the banquet---and the ball. It lacks the muscular powers of Hercules---or King Harry ---to achieve it.

HENRY. Loitering here will not forward it; so, Catherine, we will leave thee, to pursue thy ramble.

QUEEN. Good success; and pleasant sport, to your Highness.

[*Exit the* King *and* Queen, *in opposite directions; with their respective followers. The King's yeomen playing "Jockey to the fair."*

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SCENE THE LAST.—*A village green: in the centre of it, a gaily decorated May-pole, round which a circle of villagers are dancing; having concluded the dance; they form different groups on the green.*

FIRST VILLAGER. Look yon, neighbour, who are these—advancing over the hill? by my faith, ---they are a goodly company.

SECOND VILLAGER. Nay---I know not who they be---but perchance they will have the civility to inform us---seeing they advance toward us.

*Enter another party, in the dress of rustics.*

1st. VIL. Good luck to you, gentlemen---whoever ye be---I know you not---but judge from your appearance---ye be merry-makers, out a Maying.

1st. CIT. Thy conjecture is right, friend; we be citizens, escaped from our accustomed avocations; to enjoy the freshness of the country; and its rural pastimes.

VIL. Will you please, to join in our sport?

CIT. Most willingly.

VIL. Our fare is simple; but such as it is, ye are heartily welcome to it: and for merriment---ye will not find greater---no---not even in the palace of King Henry.

CIT. Does the king hold his court here, now?

VIL. He does---God bless him! and a pleasant thing it is, for his people; to have so liberal a prince, among them.

CIT. What are your chief diversions?

VIL. Dancing, quarter staff, and wrestling.

2nd. CIT. Then our good comrade, is the very man: for there is not a better wrestler in the king's dominions.

VIL. Marry, friend, and I shall be of thine opinion; if he beat a neighbour of mine; who hath never yet found his equal.

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1st. CIT. Let him come forward---I will try his skill.

[*A peasant advances, the spectators place themselves in order, the citizen wrestles with, and overcomes the rustic; who retires abashed.*

1st. VIL. By our lady! fair sir! thy skill is such, that I can scarce be angry with thee; though thou hast overthrown the champion of our village. I knew not the lads of the city, excelled in such pursuits.

CIT. 'Tis one, for which I have a particular liking; and have therefore practised much.

2nd. VIL. Our games will be well attended today---for hither comes another pair of strangers.

[*Enter a youth, accompanied by a female, in the dress of peasants---he whispers to the female; who seats herself on a bank, at a little distance.*

YOUTH. *(Coming forward)* Well, honest countrymen; what sports do ye pursue?

1st. VIL. We purposed wrestling; but this gentleman has overcome the bravest youth among us: and there is not one left, who has the boldness to encounter him.

YOUTH. If it so please you, I will be your champion; and avenge the downfall of your comrade.

ALL. Well said, stranger---our Lady prosper thee.

CIT. Come on, then—*I* accept the challenge.

[*They encounter: after a doubtful struggle, the citizen makes a violent effort, in doing which his disguise falls off, and discovers a magnificent court dress. A cry of "Long live King Henry"---rises from the spectators; and the* 1st Villager *kneels before the* King.*

* It was no uncommon thing for Henry thus to join in disguise the pastimes of his people: many similar instances are recorded.

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1st. VIL. I come—in my own name—and that of my companions—to entreat forgiveness of your Highness, for the freedom with which, we—being ignorant of your person—have unwittingly behaved to you.

HENRY. Nay—man—they who assume a disguise, must take patiently the treatment it brings with it: and so far from being offended, we shall not easily forget the good will, with which you have received us. *(While the* King *is speaking, the* Queen *enters, accompanied by* Wolsey, *and followed by her ladies.* Henry *looks round.)* Ha, Catherine! art thou come to see the sport?—thou art somewhat too late—seeing we have just had so sharp a struggle, as hath somewhat cooled our ardour.

QUEEN. Who is it—that has ventured on a contest with your Highness?

HENRY. It was none other than this youth—who, by his dress, would seem a simple peasant—but his arm, is the strongest we ever met—except my Lord of Suffolk—whose grasp, we could almost swear it to be—did we not know he was on the other side the Channel—passing his honeymoon—with our rebellious sister.

YOUTH. My Liege—he is there no longer—love hath transported him hither—on the wings of hope—and he now stands before you.

HENRY. How now!—hast thou the temerity—to avow thyself—thus openly—where is my sister?

[*The female rises from the bank, and throws herself at the feet of the* King.

MARY. Here, my Lord—here—where she will remain; until she hath obtained thy pardon. Upbraid me not—I have already suffered much—I own my fault; and throw myself upon your Grace's clemency.

BRAN. (*Kneeling beside her.*) Before this whole

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assembly---I acknowledge freely---I have disobeyed my sovereign---and humbly crave forgiveness.

HENRY. If we excuse thee thus; it will encourage others to the like.

QUEEN. Suffer ME to intercede for culprits---whose sole crime, has been excess of love.

SOMERS. (*Advancing from the King's retinue.*) And allow me to remind your Highness, of the vow which you made; at the time *we* were besieging Terrouenne; when you *swore, by St. George,* that you would aid, my Lord of Suffolk; to obtain the lady of his choice: so she were worthy of him.

HENRY. These offenders, are in no want of counsellors to plead their cause: what says my Lord Archbishop?

WOLSEY. I presume not to speak of family matters; concerning which, the feelings of your Grace; will doubtless prove the best advisers.

HENRY. Then, by all the saints in the calendar, we will yield to their influence; and not suffer our May-day sun to be darkened by the clouds of pride; or churlishness. Rise, sister! Suffolk, rise. (*They rise, the* King *takes their hands and joins them.*) We here declare our full approval of your mutual choice; holding you up, as an example of faithfulness, and truth: and may that constancy, which has distinguished you thus far; bestow increasing lustre on your wedded state; receiving there, its full reward.*

BRAN. To speak our thanks—

HENRY. Nay, no thanks—I have but done my duty; and deserve them not. For thee, Catherine, thine intercession in their favour, is but another

* The exact period of this reconciliation is not known; but the marriage was publicly confirmed at Greenwich, somewhere about the 13th of May, 1515, and Mary so far regained her brother's favour, as subsequently to lead him (under certain conditions) to will the crown to HER descendants: an arrangement on which was founded the claims of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, grand-daughter to the Princess Mary.

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token, of that tenderness of heart, and purity of motive, which command the admiration of thy consort; and thy people. But (*turning to Somers*) what induced *thee* to speak in their behalf?

SOM. Nay—I know not—but, I have always had a sort of liking for this young couple—and there is nothing I rejoice in, so much as a happy wedding: where every one enjoys himself, at the same time, that he promotes the happiness of those chiefly concerned.

HENRY. Then thou wilt be gratified; for so soon, as all preparations can be made; the nuptial ceremony shall be publicly performed: nor will our rustic friends, here, be forgotten, in the entertainments that ensue.

QUEEN. And among all who shall assemble, on that glad occasion, there will not be found so fair a couple; as the noble bridegroom and his gentle partner.

WOL. Nor, so generous a heart; as that which warms the bosom of King Henry.

SOM. In truth I am as much delighted as if the Princess had fixed her choice upon me—this is what they call philanthrophy—when one man is glad, or sorry, because another is so—'tis a fine quality—and I'll devote myself to its cultivation forthwith.

HENRY. Sister, we have had already many offers for thy hand, more advantageous to ourselves; but none which could have yielded us, the lasting satisfaction we enjoy, in thus permitting friendship and affection, to o'errule the dictates of self-interest. Now to our palace! let the gates be opened wide! the halls be newly garnished! the music speak our sister's welcome! and may this day's transactions; be inscribed in golden characters; upon the memories of all who witness them.

[*As the curtain descends, the procession forms to the sound of music.*

FINIS.

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# EPILOGUE.

## Spoken by Will Somers.

Well, now 'tis o'er; and having done *my* part,
"To *teach* the *head*, and *dignify* the *heart*;"
I'll e'en turn critic; do my work off hand,
Find fault with all I cannot understand,
And tear to pieces, mangle, and dissever,
What I lack skill again to put together.
Historic *truth!* why I'll be bound to say,
There's scarce a word of *truth* in all the play;
For ev'ry body knows it well enough,
King Henry was a tyrant rude and bluff,
Divorced his wives much faster than he wed 'em,
And where he could not part from, would behead 'em.
Then, there's the heroine, married three times over,
Once to the King of France, twice to her lover;
The thing's improbable, and out of reason,
Against the laws of common sense—a treason:
And as for Louis, such a contradiction!
Was never known, but in the wildest fiction.
In short, 'tis evident the piece must fail;
An ill-constructed, strange, unlikely tale.
"But," says a voice, "pray how can you presume,
"To doubt the truth of Rapin, and of Hume?"
Rapin and Hume, and prithee who are they?
Are these the gentlemen who wrote the play?
"They're both historians," is the prompt reply;
I don't like reading hist'ry; 'tis too dry,
In all my life I never read three pages,
I hate these records of departed ages.
"Why then, in such a case," the voice replies,
"Attempt historic works to criticise?"
Well, to speak plainly then, the case is this,
If all the critics who applaud, or hiss,
*Must* with our authors vie in information,
In native genius, or in application,
Their numbers would so rapidly decrease,
That authors might pursue their work in peace;
Fearless of censure undeserved—submit,
To public test, the efforts of their wit,
While envy died of jaundice and vexation,
For want of journeymen in *her* vocation:
And *Justice* led the critic in his choice,
His pen directed, or inspired his voice.

THE END.

James Pope, Printer and Bookbinder, Northallerton.

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